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The Listener

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Stockholm, 'the city that swims on the waters': H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrive there on a State visit tomorrow

In this number:

In Defence of Pressure Groups (S. E. Finer)

Thomas Hardy at Max Gate (Lady Cynthia Asquith)

Buddhist Sculpture in India (John Irwin)

JUNE

Village Cricket

IT IS NOT SO VERY LONG, as anyone can see by glancing through the back numbers of *Punch*, since Village Cricket was a comic institution or anyhow was so regarded. Cows roamed the lush out-field, many of the players wore braces and umpires were unashamedly partisan. The Herculean muscles of the blacksmith, the vicar's Panama, the unrepeatable comments of the wicket-keeper—to humorists (of whom, among the artists, Frank Reynolds showed an especial felicity) these clowns at the court of King Willow were a god-send. They must have existed once, but they do not exist now. White flannels, printed fixture-lists, sight-screens, stroke-play, change-bowlers—these amenities are taken for granted upon what, if it ever was the village green, is now known as "the Rec." Wickets are still apt to be fiery and umpires something less than Olympian; but the standard of play—and especially of fielding—is high and the technique orthodox. Batsmen who try to hit a six do not fall over backwards if they fail, wides do not figure largely among the extras. All this decorum and proficiency clearly serve the best interests of the game as a whole; but it would, in a way, be rather nice to see the blacksmith at the wicket again, wearing braces and refusing to take guard.



Comedians or not, the village stalwarts displayed a sturdy individualism which we find wholly admirable. Enterprise in any field will, in consequence, always find at the Midland Bank a ready welcome and a real desire to be of service, as shown in the booklet, 'Midland Bank Services for You' (free from any branch).

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Canada: a Frustrated Nation (J. B. Priestley) ...	743
The Dynamism of the Germans (Douglas Stuart) ...	744
Mr. Molotov: a Statesman Who Made Enemies (Thomas Barman) ...	745
In Defence of Pressure Groups (S. E. Finer) ...	751

ASPECTS OF AFRICA:

Industry and the Case for <i>Apartheid</i> (J. L. Sadie) ...	746
--	-----

THE LISTENER:

Royal Visit to Sweden ...	748
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	748

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A Mechanical Schoolmaster (Bertram Mycock) ...	749
The Rose-red City (Barbara Toy) ...	749
Tournament Tennis Balls (Hardiman Scott) ...	750
Marsh Dwellers of Southern Iraq (Wilfred Thesiger) ...	750

POEMS:

The Curlew (Vernon Watkins) ...	752
My Humble Friend (B. C. Boulter) ...	763

BIOGRAPHY:

Thomas Hardy at Max Gate (Lady Cynthia Asquith) ...	753
J. W. Colenso, Bishop among the Zulus (A. P. Ryan) ...	754

ART:

Buddhist Sculpture in India (John Irwin) ...	756
Round the London Galleries (Eric Newton) ...	766

THE GENEROUS CREED—III:

The New Liberalism (W. L. Burn) ...	758
-------------------------------------	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

760

PSYCHOLOGY:

After Freud—II. The Challenge of Psycho-Analysis (Emanuel Miller) ...	762
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Nigel Walker, Marjory Whitelaw, I. Ansari, John Ferguson, Robert Aickman, Reynier Banham, Harold Binns, M. J. Moroney, John V. Freeman, and R. C. Clark ...	764
--	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE

767

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	772
Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ...	772
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	773
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	775
Music (Scott Goddard) ...	775

MUSIC:

Thomas Tomkins: 1572-1656 (Denis Stevens) ...	777
---	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

779

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

779

CROSSWORD NO. 1,358

779

Canada: a Frustrated Nation

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is a stock joke against writers that after spending a few weeks, or even a few days, in a country they are then prepared to tell the world all about it. A traveller's quick impressions often have an insight that is lost during a considerable stay in a country. Some of the best-known things I ever wrote were based on hurried journeys. A man who writes about another country should consider it for twelve days or for twelve years: it is any term in between that is dangerous. You get used to certain aspects that strike you forcibly at first. You grow cautious with knowledge, and this very caution may prevent you from saying the true word, the illuminating phrase. So if I make it plain that what follows is largely based on rapid impressions and hasty guess-work, I am not apologising for it. And the fairly typical Canadian seems to me ready to welcome even guess-work if it reveals a truth. I do not agree with a well-known editor there who told me that Canadians were now far too smug and complacent. That is not how I see them, and at least I am seeing them against a wide background of many lands, many peoples, many attitudes of mind.

Outside the home and family life, Canada is becoming rapidly Americanised. There were times when I was startled to see a Union Jack flying, simply because I had forgotten I was not in America, for the cafeteria or coffee shop I had just visited, the rather unsatisfactory breakfast I had just eaten, the newspaper I had glanced at, complete with a column of Broadway gossip, all seemed American. The gigantic hotels, smoothly but impersonally run, with their crowded lobbies, their noisy conferences, their Lions or Kiwani lunches, seemed American. Even all the meals served to me in the trans-Canada aircraft apparently composed by and for a girl of twelve, all sweet stuff, whipped cream, jelly, chocolate, with nothing for the elderly male, came straight out of the American Middle West and the women's magazines. I never saw an English newspaper, and found less English news than you can discover in *The New York Times*. No doubt this all-pervading American

influence has been inevitable. But it is also, to my mind, extremely regrettable: and for two reasons. American influence tends to mean not what is best in America but what is worst, so much stuff dumped after its costs of production have been paid for in the vast home market. Secondly, I happen to like variety and experiment in living, so that I would hate to see Canada becoming an imitation, and therefore inferior, United States.

It seems to me that most educated Canadians, however much they may protest, are at heart in entire agreement with me. They feel neither American nor British but Canadian. They are deeply aware of what I can only call their Canadianness. But—and this is an important but—not only do they find it difficult to express this national sense of being to the outside world, they find it almost equally difficult to express it to themselves. This is not their fault, even though a combination of a Scots ancestry and a hard, testing climate tends to make them over-cautious. Nearly everything is against them. There is too much land, there are too few people. There are great natural barriers like the Rocky Mountains between provinces, which may find the United States more accessible than the neighbouring Canadian province. There is the solid wedge of French-Canadians, complete with their own language, culture, manners, and customs, a people who do not enter into this sketch of Canada I am considering now, so that when I refer to a Canadian I am not thinking at all about a French-Canadian. Then there are the various rural groups of central and east-European immigrants, hard lumps of peasant folk not yet dissolved by Canadian society.

The fairly typical Canadian I have in mind has not yet arrived from a mixture of races, the kind of mixture, largely Polish and Russian Jewish, Italian and Greek, that has transformed the contemporary American into a very different type from the traditional Yankee, has added sparkle, colour, drama, brashness, and a touch of hysteria to the

American scene. The Canadian lacks these qualities, good or bad: he tends to be wary, dubious, rather shy and withdrawn, as yet more at home on the frontier than in the city. The cadence of the typical Canadian voice is different from the American: it is half nasal twang, quarter Scots, quarter Irish, and has a rather sad tone, as if something once dear and now lost and forgotten is still being endlessly regretted. Many of the men hardly move their lips, conversing in a melancholy mumble. Even the gay and pretty girls, for all their sparkling glances, sound as if they were inwardly fixed in some sad enchantment. You look up in the aeroplane to see the handsome stewardess smiling at you, like a favourite niece; and then she murmurs 'Would you care for some carfee?' Into these voices, you feel, has entered the melancholy of great, flat land masses, far from the sea, and iron hard through the long winters.

There is, too, in Canada, somewhere seated on a throne of power, a man who continually says 'No' to life, not only to his life but also to yours. I never met him, never even met one of his admirers, but it is this all-powerful elder of some savage and gloomy kirk who will not allow you to have a drink in an airport or on a 'plane, who robs the cities of urban amenities, who refuses to understand that the arts are not some new-fangled thing favoured by a few suspicious characters but are an essential and noble portion of man's heritage. But against him and his kind some headway is being made. Canada wants the arts, and here and there is beginning to enjoy them, especially when they can be smuggled in as educational objects. Radio and television, so far as they are Canadian and not imports from America, have done good work here, employing and deliberately encouraging new writers. But the Canadian author—and there are some excellent Canadian authors, especially in Ontario and British Columbia—is severely handicapped unless he can break through into the American and British book markets. His Canadian publisher, probably in Toronto, has to send travellers too many miles for too few bookshops.

The cities are too far apart; there are not enough towns between them to serve as links; and although the Canadian farmer and farm-worker have a long winter to get through every year, they are not great readers. It is radio—and now television—that is connecting these remote villages and scattered homesteads with the outside world; and my jeering remark about the transmission of television not being a pioneering activity* is not altogether fair, just because radio and television do in fact serve the needs of frontier communities, still breaking the wilderness, as theatres and concert halls and art galleries in the cities could not do. But, sooner or later, you must have theatres and concert halls and art galleries and groups of professional actors and drama schools and symphony orchestras and conservatoires, not only

to create a true urban civilisation but also to feed with trained talent all the channels of mass communication. You may reach a lot of people only through the air, but something suggesting talent has to be on the air. Finally, you need all these cultural strong points in your cities to prevent young men and women from drifting away to America and Britain.

All this, I think, is understood, so that during the last few years, when the country's wealth has been vastly increased, there has been much talk, in and out of Ottawa, about doing something for the arts. But here again a lingering puritanism, of which I imagine the politicians are sharply aware, and the native caution of the Canadian, have together cut down the size and scope of any plans for subsidising the arts, have given whatever has been suggested a rather timid and tentative air. And it is here that a visitor, who has nothing to lose by being bold, can stick his neck out—as I propose to do now. For I am going to say that Canada as it is today needs writers and artists of all kinds as they have rarely been needed, with the same urgency, in any other country at any other time.

And why? Just because, as I suggested earlier, the average educated Canadian is beginning to feel frustrated. He cannot express either to the outside world or even adequately to himself his own deep-seated feeling of being Canadian—not British, not American, but Canadian. Growing wheat, cutting trees down, finding oil or uranium, are all very well, and that is where the money will come from, but it is not activities of this sort that bring out and express this feeling of being Canadian. Politics and education and a style of social life, which must be deliberately freed from American influence, can do something, no doubt. But the real job, if it can be done at all, can only be done by the writers and artists, who show us both to ourselves and to the world. These are the men and women who are urgently needed there now. And if there is not sufficient native talent, even when the drifting away has been checked, then for a few years talent should be imported, especially the sort of talent that brings out the creative ability in young people. Let me give you two examples of what I mean. In the war, Mr. John Grierson was called in to take charge of Canadian documentary films, which immediately produced work of the highest class. At the present time Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is inspiring the new Canadian theatre.

These good people—and this is not an idle phrase, for I like the Canadians—should now have their temperature raised, their lives immensely enriched. Now that the wilderness has been tamed, the next great pioneering job is to give colour, style, individuality, to the national life. If I were a Canadian I would ask for \$100,000,000 for the arts. And if I were thirty years younger I would go and join in the battle for them.—*Home Service*

* 'Canadian Notes and Impressions—I', THE LISTENER, May 31

The Dynamism of the Germans

By DOUGLAS STUART, former B.B.C. correspondent in western Germany

I HAVE spent more than a third of my adult life in Germany, including two years as a prisoner of war. So when I was told to go to Germany for the B.B.C., I felt I had to tell the editor: 'I'm afraid I don't like the Germans very much'. He gave me an editorial look which pinned me to my chair. 'I'm not asking you to like them', he said. 'I'm asking you to observe them'. And in the process of observing the Germans—meeting and talking with everyone, from the dominating, eighty-year-old Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, to coal-miners, steelworkers, and waiters—I have discarded many of the prejudices that I had picked up during the weary months of captivity.

In the spring of 1945, I remember walking through the deserted rubble heaps of what had been the city of Brunswick. I was on my way home. As I picked my way over the ruins and round the bomb craters I kept saying to myself: 'Germany is a desert and the Germans are finished'. At the beginning of this week, almost exactly eleven years later, I left Germany again to come home. But what a difference! In all the major cities of western Germany, the rubble of the war has been pounded into bricks for new houses; the roads are packed with new shiny cars; the shops are filled with goods from all over the world. Everyone has a job—in fact, there is an acute shortage of labour. Today, the people of western Germany are riding high on the wave of an

economic boom which has brought them such prosperity as they have never known before: all this only eleven years after the most disastrous defeat experienced by any country since Rome destroyed Carthage.

How did the Germans achieve what has come to be called this 'economic miracle'? They themselves have given me the answer under four heads; first, generous financial help from the western allies, particularly the Americans; secondly, the Korean war, which again created world demand for German goods; thirdly, the fact that western Germany was without an army at a time when the rest of the free world was undergoing the costly process of rearmament; and, fourthly, the good points in their own character—hard work, inventive genius, good management, and the determination to succeed. To use the historical terminology of Professor Toynbee, the German response to the challenge of defeat after the first world war was political; after the second world war, the response has so far been mainly economic. 'The magnitude of this response', an American Foreign Service official recently remarked to me, 'is proof of the dynamic quality the Germans possess'.

Let me give an example of this dynamism. Three years ago, a man came into my office in Bonn. He told me that he had been a school-teacher in the Russian zone and that he was now a salesman working on commission. He was in fact a refugee: one out of every four people

in western Germany can be described in this way. I gave this man his first order—a small one for office equipment. Last week he came to see me and to say goodbye. I asked him how he was doing. 'I've got a fully furnished flat', he said. 'I own a car, and I'm earning nearly £1,000 a year'.

This story brings me to a point I would like to stress. While I have been in Germany more and more people have started questioning whether it is really necessary to work so hard. Things over there have got to this pitch: a German does not go on holiday; he goes for a cure. When he comes back to work, his friends do not ask him if he enjoyed himself; they ask him if he is feeling better. Already the German trade unions are pressing hard for a forty-hour week. Warned by their doctors, even German executives are trying to relax the tempo of their lives. But they are finding it a difficult task. A German woman, who recently visited Britain, said to me on her return to Bonn: 'You British are twenty seconds in the minute slower than us Germans, but you are two hundred years ahead in your attitude to life'. I myself—back in London after so many years—am perpetually surprised by the good

temper and courtesy of people on the roads. In Germany the other day, a motorist was fined £40 for rudeness. He had formed the habit, whenever he overtook a slower vehicle, of putting up a sign in bold black capital letters which read 'PIG'. He explained to the magistrate that he hated going slow, and that this was his way of relieving his feelings.

Looking back, then, over my years in post-war Germany, I have found the Germans honest, hard-working, efficient, inventive, dynamic, and filled with a sense of purpose. At the same time I have found them over-strained and anxious, with souls seared with doubts about the future because of their feeling of suppressed guilt about the past. Yes, the Germans have achieved an economic miracle. But what now? Will their dynamic energy continue to flow down constructive channels? Or can an economic setback create another political explosion? I do not know the answer. But I remember, when I visited Germany in the early 'thirties, being told: 'When a Frenchman is out of work, he goes fishing. When a German is out of work, he goes Nazi'. Today there is next to no unemployment in western Germany—but what about tomorrow?—*At Home and Abroad (Home Service)*

Mr. Molotov: a Statesman Who Made Enemies

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

I SUPPOSE the most striking fact about Mr. Molotov (who resigned as Soviet Foreign Minister last week) is that he seemed to attach no importance to the conventions that govern the art of diplomacy, and especially the convention that you must not bore or irritate your audience. I have followed him from conference to conference over the past twelve years or so, and he always seemed to leave a trail of ill-will behind him. He gave me the impression that he did not care how much he angered the people he was negotiating with. He seemed to have an almost instinctive capacity for making enemies. I have never seen him put on a winning smile in the hope of disarming his opponents, and I do not think he has ever tried to win over a hostile audience with a speech to stir their hearts.

I can see him rising to address a highly critical audience of Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors and their experts. It was in Paris at the Peace Conference in 1946. We were getting our first real taste then of Russian obstruction. We had listened to a number of repetitive Russian speeches, and now, once again, Mr. Molotov stood at the speaker's rostrum. Once again he trampled heavily over all the old familiar ground;



Mr. Molotov speaking to representatives of the press at the Foreign Ministers' conference at Geneva last November. Below: Mr. Dimitri Shepilov, who has succeeded Mr. Molotov as Soviet Foreign Minister

once again he used the same expressions, even the same words, and once again he made a long speech in Russian, which no one understood except perhaps the Czechs and the Yugoslavs. His audience wilted into a sulkily kind of silence that was evident to all of us sitting in the press gallery. It made no impression whatever upon Mr. Molotov. He went right on—impassive and apparently utterly impervious to the atmosphere of irritation that surrounded him. He did not even try to crack a joke, and when he had ended his speech I felt old and tired; the hour was late and the air was heavy and stale.

Mr. Molotov was carrying out the instructions of his master. There were so many unpleasant things that Stalin wanted done, and it was Mr. Molotov who did them. He was made responsible for the Russian Foreign Office early in 1939, at the time when Stalin had decided to reverse his policy of hostility to Nazi Germany. It was Mr. Molotov who signed the agreement with the Nazi leaders that precipitated the second world war. It was Mr. Molotov who fell out with them over the division of the spoils. It was Mr. Molotov who reverted to an anti-western policy as soon as Germany and Japan had been defeated. So, inevitably, Mr. Molotov has come to be looked upon as the chief enemy of the West in the Soviet hierarchy.

And at international conferences with western statesmen he played the part of a steam-roller among diplomatists. Impassive—always? Not always. I have, on occasion, seen signs of strain and tension underneath that grey and forbidding exterior. I have seen the lean and well-shaped fingers—for Mr. Molotov has the hands of an artist—drumming anxiously upon the edge of the table. On rising to speak, he fumbled a little with his notes, and there was a distinct

stammer which obstructed and impeded the even flow of his words. You were left with the impression that the real Mr. Molotov was not so sure of his case as the official Mr. Molotov appeared to be.

—From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)



'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

SUMMER BOOK NUMBER

Aspects of Africa

Industry and the Case for Apartheid

By J. L. SADIE

IT has been repeatedly alleged that economic forces, and industrial development in particular, represent the rocks on which the South African Government's policy of separation or separate development, or *apartheid*, if you will, is going to founder. This is a thesis which requires some closer examination. I, for one, am doubtful of its validity.

All non-white population groups are involved in the process of industrialisation, and in the policy of separate development, but for simplicity I will examine only the position of the Bantu or native African population, whose numbers add up to more than 9,000,000 compared with just over 2,750,000 whites. The policy of *apartheid* is first and foremost concerned with establishing such political, social, and economic relations between white and Bantu as will make for peaceful coexistence, while ensuring the development and the preservation of the identity of each group.

It has been the industrial development of the Union of South Africa, with its concomitant, the urbanisation of the Bantu, which more than anything else had led to the emergence of a defined official *apartheid* policy. The development has been rapid and enormous. In the past twenty years the gross value of output of secondary industry has risen from £132,000,000 to more than £1,200,000,000, while the volume has increased fourfold. Two decades ago private industry was responsible for the generation of 16 per cent. of the Union's national income. Today its share is more than 25 per cent. and it is expected to grow. The contribution of mining has declined correspondingly, while agriculture has more or less maintained its relative position.

Employment of Bantu Workers

It is to be expected that this unprecedented tempo of development involved the employment of thousands of Bantu workers. In this same period of twenty years their numbers in manufacturing industry—private and government enterprise—jumped from 112,000 to approximately 500,000. They now constitute more than 50 per cent. of the total labour force of secondary industry, outnumbering white workers by more than 200,000. Twenty years ago they were about equal in number. In the recent past Bantu employees in industry increased by 35,000 *per annum*. Although the vast majority are still unskilled labourers, fragmentary evidence indicates that as many as 40 per cent. of all semi-skilled and 6 per cent. of all skilled workers in secondary industry may be Bantu. The latest available figures show that their average wage rose by more than 150 per cent. since 1929, in comparison with a 109 per cent. rise in the wages of white artisans. All this speaks of a remarkable progress on the part of the Bantu, and of his incorporation into the economic life of the country, which is dominated by white initiative and entrepreneurship.

These industrial enterprises and the tertiary activities accompanying the industrial development are almost all localised in urban areas; and these areas, again, are in what is sometimes conveniently, but incorrectly, called the white sector; that is, that part of the Union which lies outside the Native Reserves. In the Reserves themselves, or Bantu areas, as they are nowadays called, there are no towns and cities or urban areas in the generally accepted sense. The Bantu are flocking in their thousands to the urban areas in the white sector, of which really only four or five are outstanding as industrial centres. According to the 1951 census there were 220,000 more Bantu here than whites. Lately the Bantu urban population has been increasing at a rate of 85,000 *per annum* or some 30,000 more than in the case of the whites. The mass cityward migration is a function partly of the attraction of the better jobs, better wages, and more interesting social amenities than are to be had on farms and in the Bantu areas, and partly of the 'push' which emanates from the inability of the latter's economy, which is predominantly agricultural, to support its inhabitants.

Not all the Bantu to be found in towns and cities at any point of time live there permanently. Many of them are migrant labourers who leave their tribal homes for a spell of work in the cities, and return home when they consider their earnings or savings sufficient to main-

tain their family or relations for a time. Over 500,000 of the migrant labourers in urban districts are domiciled in the Bantu areas, and when these migrants are taken into consideration, we find that the Bantu areas, in reality, represent the home of over one-half of the total South African Bantu. There is, nevertheless, a certain amount of permanent emigration from farms and the Native Reserves to the urban areas. To determine the precise number of Bantu who have permanently settled in the cities and towns is well-nigh impossible, since such permanent settlement is very much a matter of the mind of those who have made the decision, and there are various 'degrees of permanency'. However, we estimate the size of the 'settled' Bantu community in existing urban areas at approximately 1,500,000. Their numbers are ever increasing, and will, of necessity, have to do so, unless a policy is embarked upon which will divert the cityward movement of Bantu people away from the existing urban areas and towards some other urban centres to be created in the Bantu areas. Such diversion is, in fact, envisaged under the *apartheid* policy.

If the Present Trends Continue . . .

The motive force behind the *apartheid* legislation is the realisation that if the present trends were to continue during the next half-century, it will be the existing urban districts, and not the Bantu areas and farms, which will contain the overwhelming majority of the Bantu population. The standard of living and education of these urban communities is rising, and the acculturation process accompanying the contacts with the white population leads to detribalisation and westernisation of these Bantu. In consequence they aspire to full entry into western society, which means, among others, equal participation in the political life of the community. Ultimately, then, this community would be one consisting of whites and Bantu merged into a common society, at least for political purposes, which would mean the sacrifice on the part of the white population of its political self-determination and preservation of its identity as a distinctive group. Further concentration of large-scale development in the present industrial centres, with an unlimited use of Bantu labour, must create conditions in which the maintenance of a policy of separate development or *apartheid* becomes untenable. Economic integration—to use a term current in South Africa—will bring political integration in its wake.

At the same time, one must concede the statement of the Minister of Native Affairs who said that 'integration can under no circumstances mean the mere *presence* of the Native in industry', and added that 'one can have these workers present without incorporating them in one's social, economic or political society'. An analogy would be the labourers from Mexico who periodically enter the United States to work there, without becoming United States citizens, or the migrant labourers in Europe who are continually crossing political boundaries. But it will be clear that the validity of the Minister's statement hinges on two related conditions: first, the labourers must be temporary inhabitants; and, second, they must have some country or area to go back to which serves as their political home. The question is, are these conditions satisfied?

The Urban Areas Act

Government policy gives the impression of having indeed the above two conditions as its underlying principles. Thus, the Urban Areas Act, as amended, controls the influx of Bantu into urban and proclaimed areas. A Bantu may not remain in these areas for longer than seventy-two hours, unless he has been given permission to do so by a responsible official, and the permit lapses when his period of employment has terminated. Exempt from these provisions are those born and permanently resident in the urban areas, or continuously employed in the same area for fifteen years or by one employer for ten years. These measures seem to provide, in theory, the machinery for freezing the number of permanently integrated Bantu. In practice, however, new permits are often issued to Bantu whose period of employment with one employer

has ended, thus increasing the numbers who can qualify for exemption. To these must be added the natural increase of those who have already qualified as permanent residents. At this juncture the main effect of the control measures appears to be more in the nature of facilitating an orderly development of urban Native communities, the prevention of a large body of unemployed Bantu in urban areas, and the avoidance of overcrowding which would have occurred had cityward migration been unrestricted.

Similar observations would apply in the case of various other measures, such as the housing schemes, the Native Building Workers Act, which created special machinery for the training of Bantu as skilled building workers to work in locations and Native Reserves, and the resettlement schemes which involved the movement of people from slums to healthy surroundings.

The Group Areas Act

The Group Areas Act has as its goal the zoning of towns into separate areas for the various population groups. It has given more definite content to a tradition and policy of rather long standing as far as the Bantu are concerned. This is true also of the establishment of separate facilities in some public places. These measures can be said to be manifestations of local *apartheid*, but cannot constitute the sum total of this policy. Of rather more importance in regard to the matter of permanent integration is the legislation which prohibits the acquisition of land by Bantu in urban areas to prevent their acquiring vested rights in these regions. Arguing that Bantu can procure ownership of land in their own areas, the Native Reserves, their rights in the present urban areas have been limited to a thirty years' leasehold title.

The powers of Bantu workers in labour disputes have been circumscribed by the Native Labour Act of 1953. It sets up, among others, Native Labour Committees consisting of Bantu labourers, a Native Labour Officer and a Central Native Labour Board for the settlement of disputes. They are to carry out the functions of Bantu trade unions, which have never been officially recognised, although not prohibited. A bill has recently been introduced in parliament which seeks to provide for the establishment of separate trade unions, and to empower the government to reserve certain occupations or industries for specific population groups, thus to prevent racial competition.

It seems fair to conclude that all this legislation is based on the assumption that the Bantu living in the towns are only temporary inhabitants, or ought to be such. But obviously this assumption becomes untenable if in actual fact, as I have indicated, the number of settled urban Bantu is continually increasing. As industrial and related activities expand, so does the demand for Bantu labourers. Matters have developed to a stage where it would appear as if employers expect the government to supply them with labourers whether such workers exist or not. The truth is that in contrast with most other developed countries, employers in South Africa have become used to having a nearly unlimited reserve of unskilled labour at their disposal, with the result that they have never really been compelled to economise on labour. Few are inclined to give serious thought to the possibilities of profitably substituting capital for labour. It would be difficult to know whether they can be exhorted to effect such labour-saving changes. They can be obliged to do so by development projects which absorb and eliminate all under-employment amongst tribal Bantu, which now involves the waste of a few hundred thousand man-years *per annum*, not counting the waste of labour resulting from its inefficient use when Bantu are actually engaged in paid work.

However, the continued migration to the existing cities cannot be prevented if there are Bantu seeking work and no alternative employment opportunities. Furthermore, for the *apartheid* policy to succeed, the second condition must also be satisfied; namely there must be an area which can serve as a political home to the Bantu, where political rights can be exercised to the full. Potentially, but only potentially, there are such areas at the moment: the Native Reserves. But to have any meaning as a political home these Bantu areas will have to contain a large majority of the Bantu people, and this again pre-supposes a development which will create the necessary employment opportunities, although it does not imply that some of them may not work outside the Bantu areas in the capacity of temporary migrant workers as they do at present. Neither can it imply that the economy in the non-Bantu areas will be throttled because Native labourers will be removed from it. It will simply mean, in effect, that instead of having industrial development in the present four or five centres, it will then be localised

in a few more areas, in some of which—those in the Bantu areas—there will be no ceiling to the economic and political advancement of the Bantu. The economic results will be much the same as if the rate of progress in the existing industrial centres has been stepped up, except that the Bantu people will have greater opportunities.

This, to judge by statements and acts of members and officials of the government, seems to be the kind of future development envisaged under the *apartheid* policy. The Minister of Native Affairs, for example, declared some years ago that the long-range policy of the government aimed at containing as many natives as possible in the Reserves, and that it would be implemented by means of the 'agricultural improvement of the Native Reserves, the inducement of Europeans to establish industries on the borders of the Reserves, and the increasing of labour opportunities by the establishment of industries there'. The deputy-chairman of the Native Affairs Commission told a meeting of Bantu councillors that the Department was busy with the lay-out of a number of potential towns in Bantu areas where they could develop their own urban communities in which all types of jobs would be available to them, and where they could enjoy the same prestige as the white man does in his. The Chairman of the Natural Resources Development Council has indicated a number of probable sites for future industrial expansion in the Bantu areas. The rehabilitation of their agricultural land is being speeded up, and changes in land tenure are being considered.

Under the new Bantu Education Act a rapidly increasing number of children are being educated; and the appointment of an interdepartmental committee foreshadows the creation of two new Bantu university colleges. The Bantu Authorities Act is initiating the development of political institutions among the Bantu, and more judicial powers are being conferred upon Native chiefs and headmen. The Minister of Native Affairs himself is continually deliberating with these people, actively seeking their co-operation. Lastly, a commission was specially appointed in 1950 to investigate the problem of the socio-economic development of the Native Reserves, and its report has been published. If the government were to accept the recommendations of this commission then development of the Bantu areas would go ahead and have far-reaching effects. Thus there appears to be a gradual movement towards the ultimate realisation of the second condition; the creation of a political home for the Bantu.

I believe that those who say that none of these extensive legislative and policy measures can work in practice, and that separate development in South Africa is bound to give way to the demands of industrialisation in the existing white areas, are prejudging the issue and approaching the matter with political bias. I also believe that, whether or not the *apartheid* policy succeeds as a means of providing a solution to the political problems of South Africa, it will, in its positive aspects, have been worth while in so far as it succeeds in developing the Bantu community in the Native Reserves. This can only benefit the South African economy, not harm it.—*Third Programme*

The 1956 edition of that invaluable work of reference, the *Commonwealth Universities Year Book* (The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, 63s.) is now available. First published in 1914, this is the thirty-third issue of this comprehensive guide to university institutions in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Ceylon, Pakistan, and other parts of the British Commonwealth. Among new features are an appendix on British academic institutions abroad, and an analysis in many of the separate university entries of the distribution of students by Faculties. A special addendum contains particulars of the requirements for admission to the new University of Exeter and also of the revised admission requirements (which take effect in May, 1957) of the University of London.

Birthday Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. S. J. de Lotbinière, O.B.E., Assistant Controller Programmes, Television, B.B.C., who in the Birthday Honours List becomes a C.V.O.; to Mr. T. R. P. Hole, Editor, News, who becomes a C.B.E.; to Mr. M. Barry, Head of Drama, Television, Mr. T. T. E. Cadett, Ch. Légion d'Honneur, Paris Correspondent, Mr. A. B. Howe, Assistant Head of Research Department, and Mr. C. J. Saltmarsh, Editor, *London Calling* (for work in Monitoring Service), each of whom receives an O.B.E.; to Miss H. M. Hewitt, Drama Booking Section, Miss G. M. Miller, Pronunciation Unit, and Mr. E. W. Tuck, Equipment Department, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.; and to Mr. T. R. Dew, Foreman Cleaner, who receives a B.E.M.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Royal Visit to Sweden

TOMORROW the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are paying a State visit to Sweden. It should be a gay month in Stockholm, for it has opened with a world festival of contemporary music and will close with an international horse show. After the official occasions are over, the royal visitors are to stay on privately to see some of the equestrian games of the XVIth World Olympiad. The ties between the two royal families are close. King Gustaf VI Adolf, who is seventy-three and succeeded to the throne in 1950, is an admirer of Great Britain and often visits this country. The Queen Consort, who was born Lady Louise Mountbatten, is the aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh. As a constitutional democracy, a seafaring nation, a welfare state, the Swedish nation has much in common with us. Perhaps the casual visitor may feel that with their Swedish drill, milk luncheons, and enthusiastic 'hikers', they are even 'heartier' than we are. But their way of life appeals to most of us.

In a way, the history of Sweden is paradoxical. On the one hand, it has successfully maintained its neutrality for more than a century and a half, in spite of its comparative proximity to the two sometimes aggressive giants of Russia and Germany. Occasionally it has been under embarrassing pressure, especially during the two great wars of this century, but being away from the main track of the battlefields it has managed, like Switzerland, to strengthen its economy and preserve its freedom. Yet in times when the aeroplane had not brought Sweden (as it has today) within easy reach of its neighbours the Swedes were warlike, conquering, even imperialist. They were never stay-at-homes. The Vikings first bestrode the globe. In the sixteenth century their merchants, linked with the Hanseatic League, did business throughout the civilised world. Swedes founded the American state of Delaware. Explorers travelled far and wide. Under the early Vasa kings Sweden was one of the Great Powers of Europe.

Perhaps the turning point in Swedish history was when the Protestant hero, King Gustavus Adolphus (Gustaf II Adolf), still a young man, was killed in his moment of triumph on the battlefield of Lützen. He had an able successor in King Charles X, after his daughter Queen Christina, an autocratic blue-stocking, had unexpectedly turned Roman Catholic and abdicated her throne. Oliver Cromwell had seen in Queen Christina another Queen Elizabeth I and had even played with the idea of a triumvirate of Protestant nations, Britain, Sweden, and the United Netherlands dominating the world and crushing 'Popery' for ever. But it was not to be. Another heroic king arose in the eighteenth century, in Charles XII, but now it was a more secularised and less romantic Europe. The French gave Sweden yet another famous soldier king in Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's Marshals who became Charles XIV. But since those days Sweden has been content to keep out of the news, at any rate the political news, though such varied names as Strindberg, Nobel, and Greta Garbo have been a source of fame. Happy is the nation which enjoys that kind of history.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Marshal Tito in Moscow

ON THE EVE of Marshal Tito's arrival in the Soviet capital, Moscow announced the 'resignation' of Mr. Molotov as Soviet Foreign Minister. And a few hours after President Tito's arrival, Moscow announced major administrative measures of decentralisation.

The general consensus of opinion in the West was that the timing of Mr. Molotov's resignation—on the eve of the visit of President Tito, whom Mr. Molotov had taken such a leading part in denouncing—was no coincidence; and that the removal of so prominent a Stalinist had long been expected. From the U.S.A. the *Washington Post* was quoted for the comment that it was typical of the changed climate that Mr. Molotov can retire without being liquidated. It expressed the opinion that Mr. Shepilov might prove even more formidable—because more affable and pleasant—than Mr. Molotov, in advancing new communist objectives. A number of western commentators recalled that Moscow's first act of open intervention in the Middle East—the sale of communist arms to Egypt—took place soon after Mr. Shepilov's private talk with Colonel Nasser.

President Tito's visit to Moscow was the predominant subject in Moscow broadcasts, which also devoted considerable space to cultural and other developments in Yugoslavia. In his speech of welcome, President Voroshilov stressed the new development of friendly relations between the two countries since the Soviet leaders' visit to Belgrade last year. In his reply, President Tito said that in view of the old friendship between the Soviet and Yugoslav peoples, it was all the more tragic that the break with Yugoslavia in 1948 had occurred: he was sure nothing similar would ever happen again. Soviet home listeners heard a broadcast version of President Tito's statement to Tass, before his departure for Moscow, in which he said:

I want to emphasise the very important fact that the relations between the two countries have now assumed an absolutely stable character as relations between two equal states . . . No major problems which would be difficult to solve remain outstanding between us.

After speaking of the wide possibilities for further economic co-operation between the two countries, which was 'only at the beginning of its development', President Tito went on:

The U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia have identical viewpoints concerning such major problems as, for instance, disarmament, collective security, peaceful and active coexistence, the strengthening of peace, international economic and cultural co-operation, and so on. If our views on some international matters differ, our differences are of no significant importance: they are, in my opinion, normal as between states following an independent foreign policy.

President Tito added that further co-operation in international matters might bring about identity of views on these minor issues also.

The Soviet home public also heard a broadcast summary of a leader in the Yugoslav newspaper *Politika*, saying President Tito's visit to Moscow would, among other things, 'assist both in improving relations with east European countries, and in the general efforts to establish independent and equal international co-operation'. A Yugoslav broadcast quoting *Borba* said it was wrong both to present the east European countries as 'passive objects for international negotiations' and to label them arbitrarily according to their presumed conception of the state and society. International reconciliation called for 'consistent respect for the sovereignty, independence, and equality of all countries and the right of every people to independent development'. Yugoslav, Russian, and satellite broadcasts stressed the belief that President Tito's visit to Russia would contribute to international understanding, as well as to greater co-operation between the two countries. From the U.S.A., the *Washington Post* was quoted as saying that it was obvious that President Tito is ideologically much more at home with Russia than with the West, although he is undoubtedly anxious to preserve Yugoslavia's independent position. The newspaper added:

Tito may look to the new Soviet policy of 'equality' to advance his ambitions to lead a Balkan bloc. It is by no means impossible that Tito hopes to be a sort of magnet for the satellites, gradually leading them into a less slavishly subservient relationship towards Russia. Such a relationship, if it also minimised external subversion, could be the basis of eventual accommodation with the West. Better relations of this sort are replacing 'liberation' of the satellites as an objective. Thus the outcome of the Moscow visit, and Tito's ensuing actions, are worth careful watching.

Did You Hear That?

A MECHANICAL SCHOOLMASTER

ONE OF THE largest British groups of companies making electronic equipment for industry and the fighting services recently opened a new research headquarters in Dorking. Visitors were able to see some of the latest electronic devices which will play such an important part in automation. BERTRAM MYCOCK, B.B.C. industrial correspondent, was among the visitors to the new laboratories at Dorking, and he spoke about them in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'You are getting pretty close to science-fiction fantasy when you can build a machine to train and educate another machine', he said, 'one which will, moreover, cope with the temperamental tantrums of its mechanical pupil, with its forgetfulness, and with its non-human fallibility. I talked to a man who has built such a master machine—a schoolmaster machine, in fact, because it can memorise a textbook and teach it to a human pupil. This it does by mechanically transmitted questions and answers, and a code of flashing lights.

'The frightening thing about this machine is that it is always one jump ahead of the pupil, who can never beat it. It teaches systematically. At first it asks the simple questions and builds up to the more difficult ones, as the pupil becomes more and more efficient. It would be wrong, the inventor told me, to claim that here at last is a machine that really thinks, but he does claim that it goes further towards thinking than any other machine that has ever been built. It remembers—all computers can do that—but it can also change its mind in the light of its own experience. It can forget, and then you have to jog its memory and it remembers again.

'As a layman I can only take what I am told about this kind of scientific wizardry. It received confirmation, however, from a weird demonstration that the inventor made for me. Linked with the machine is a toy dog. If you show it a bone it wags its tail. If you ring a bell at the same time the dog soon learns to associate bell with bone, and then you can take the bone away and the dog wags its tail when the bell rings. But he soon forgets, and you have to remind him to wag his tail by showing him the bone once more. If, however, you show the dog a cat he gets so upset that he cannot remember to wag his tail however much you tempt him with the bone. I asked what is the value of this machine—a machine which in some ways is cleverer than the man who created it. The answer is that the scientists are only just beginning to understand the vast possibilities of this kind of invention in the coming age of automation. For the present, to take just one example, this machine can test the reactions of a trainee pilot more accurately than the doctors can. What is more, it puts him into the air already partly trained'.

THE ROSE-RED CITY

'You cannot be long in Transjordan', said BARBARA TOY in a Home Service broadcast, 'without hearing something about Petra, the ancient city carved out of solid rock. The Nabateans, who were among the original peoples of Arabia and who were great traders, made it their capital, and by the fourth century B.C. it was the centre of their

caravan routes, and nearly everything from the East on its way to the West passed through the city.

'Over the centuries it was captured by the Romans, the Christians, and the Saracens, but eventually trade moved north to Palmyra, and by the thirteenth century A.D. Petra had been completely abandoned. It lay for 600 years, lost and forgotten by the outside world, and became a kind of legend. Did it really exist? Or was it a dream place conjured up in the minds of Arab story tellers? Burkhardt, a Swiss

explorer, decided to find out, and in 1812 he came, disguised as an Arab, and discovered the deserted city. The buildings had all fallen down, but the rock-cut monuments, which were carved out of the mountainside, still stood solid and secure, like the mountains themselves. When I discovered it was only 250 miles away, I decided to visit it.

'Towards the end of the journey, the latter part of which could be made only on horseback or on foot, we seemed to be descending all the time, and now the cliffs rose to about 300 feet above us. Suddenly, at a narrow turn, I saw an opening ahead and a splash of pink rock. Immediately in front of us stood El-Hasné, which is the most beautiful tomb in Petra. Its sudden nearness and beauty came as a shock; and this was probably intended, when they carved it in such a dramatic position nearly 2,000 years ago.

'We moved on into a wide open space surrounded by the hills, and the guide stopped. "Civic centre", he said. The space was about one and a quarter square miles, but the buildings had all crumbled except for a couple of walls of one Roman temple. Sand and dirt had covered the ruins, and just an occasional bush and a few eucalyptus trees grew over the bumpy ground.

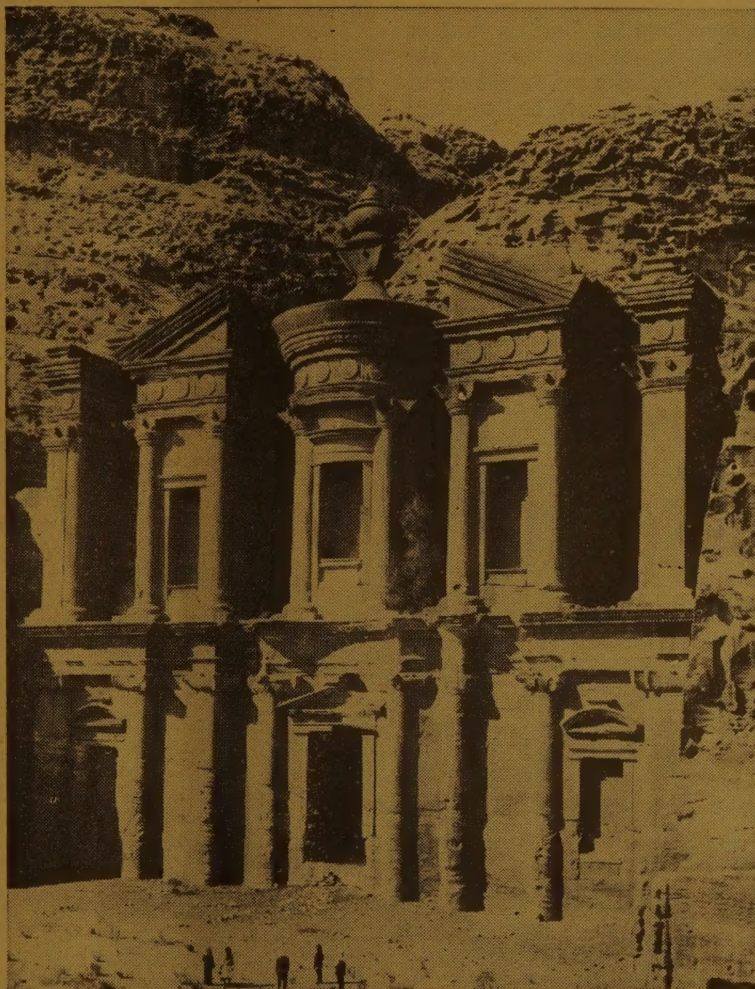
'Ahead of us was a great high plateau with a little hill in front which had some square caves cut

in its side. A large tent and two little ones were pitched below. This was the hotel camp for travellers, and we pulled up in front of it just as the light was beginning to fade. "*El humdu lillah*", said my guide as he watched me scramble off the horse. "Thanks be to God".

'A tall, thin Arab, dressed rather like an Egyptian, I thought, came towards us. "*Ahlan wa sahlan*", he said, by way of welcome, "here is Abdullah". "Thank you", I said. "Ah, you are English. I make some tea", and he went ahead of me into the large reception tent, which was about thirty feet long with a lining that looked like a great patchwork quilt.

'My guide, who had a good sense of duty, was waiting for me early next morning. Our last visit was to the temple of El Deir, which was carved in Hadrian's time, and later on the Christians used it. It stands high up with its back to Petra, looking towards Wadi Araba. We started to climb up the remains of a steep road but stones had fallen over the paving and it was very difficult. My guide moved ahead like a mountain goat and when I slipped and fell he took no notice, for, as with all Arabs, you can fall flat on your face, break your sun-glasses or your nose, but politeness demands that they do not turn round and witness your discomfort; so I went on, slipping and falling.

'I stopped to get my breath at a spring where a pool had been cut



The temple of El Deir carved out of the rock at Petra

in the rock to catch the water. It was cool, and maidenhair fern grew along the side of the rocks. El Deir is carved out of golden sandstone; it is huge, and has a rough, clean line which is satisfying and very beautiful. There is a remote air of dignity about it. I climbed on to a mound facing the golden monument and looked towards Mount Hor, where Aaron is said to be buried; and farther on towards the west where Moses came with the Israelites. "Aish?" asked the old guide, as I looked intently out over the bare landscape. "What now?" "The Queen of Sheba came this way on a visit to Solomon", I said. He looked a bit mystified. "She came", I quoted, "with a very great train; with camels that bare spices and very much gold, and precious stones..."

TOURNAMENT TENNIS BALLS

The tennis season is gathering momentum, and on June 25 will be the Wimbledon championships. There will be immense calls on the skill and stamina of the players and gruelling punishment for the tennis balls. The balls to be used at Wimbledon have already had to stand up to rigid tests, devised by the International Lawn Tennis Federation. HARDIMAN SCOTT, who has been visiting a firm of sports manufacturers, spoke about these tests in the Light Programme.

'The ball itself', he said, 'is made of inflated rubber, the finest rubber obtainable. It is covered with cloth woven from cotton and a mixture of wool and nylon. The manufacture itself is complicated, and the most stringent rules are laid down. A ball has to be more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and less than $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches. It has to weigh more than 2 ounces and yet less than $2\frac{1}{16}$.'

'During my visit to a firm in the City of London which has been making tennis balls almost since tennis began in this country, and for Wimbledon since 1902, I went into the testing room. The temperature there is always maintained at 68 degrees Fahrenheit. All the tennis balls are automatically tested at the firm's factory in Yorkshire, but those used in tournaments receive a second testing in London. First, there is the ring gauge, to make sure the diameter is right, and then the balls are weighed on a specially made scale. The third test is bouncing the ball, or 'the bound' as it is correctly called. On the wall is a mirror marked in inches, and the ball has to bound between 53 and 58 inches when dropped from 100 inches. There is a mechanical device which measures the 100 inches. The assistant in charge of this operation watches the bound through a sight.'

'Last of all, the balls are tested with an 18-pound weight in three different spots for compression. Here, again, the margin is extremely slight: the ball must be deformed by more than .265 of an inch but less than .290'.

MARSH DWELLERS OF SOUTHERN IRAQ

'Anyone who has flown to the Persian Gulf, to India, or to the Far East from this country', said WILFRED THESIGER in a Home Service talk, 'has passed over the marshes of southern Iraq. There is a strange fascination, and even charm, in this remote land once you have been made free of it by the marshmen.'

'For one thing, there is the wild life. During the winter months these marshes are alive with wild fowl. I have seen duck flying on to rice fields at sunset in numbers which reminded me of swarms of locusts. I have watched spellbound while seemingly endless skeins of geese passed overhead, and the cold air rang with their calling. There are ducks and coots and geese in immense numbers; there is every sort of bird—herons, cormorants, pelicans, ibis, spoonbills, avocets, even flamingoes; there are eagles and ospreys and falcons. In winter it really is a wonderland of birds. Sometimes you see a family of otters playing

in a lagoon; there are plenty of them about but they are seldom seen; and there are wild boars, probably the largest wild boars in the world.'

'There is a tranquil beauty in these marshes, especially in the spring, when the shallow water is white with flowering ranunculus, or ablaze with vivid yellow or snow-white nymphoides, so that it does not look like water but like a green meadow carpeted with daisies and buttercups. There are the deeper lagoons, where the crystal-clear water, above long, trailing weeds, is blue under a cloudless sky; and floating islands—tangled jungles of giant reeds, sedges, and brambles—drift slowly to and fro. And there are the narrow, tortuous waterways, shut in by almost impenetrable reed-beds almost twenty feet high, where the tasselled reed-tops form an ever-changing pattern against the sky as you move past in your canoe. It is a place of many moods and colours, sometimes bright and sparkling, sometimes dark and sombre.'

'But to me, the real fascination of these marshes is the marshmen and their way of life. I have been with them on and off for the last six years. They were not easy to get to know. They are primitive and suspicious and have an evil name among the surrounding tribes.'

'Two years ago, when there were appalling floods in Iraq, I was living among the marshmen. To the cultivators and townsmen on the mainland these floods were catastrophic. To the marshmen they were an inconvenience. Sitting in one of their houses I would sometimes notice that I was getting wet. I would mention it to my host and he would send a boy off to cut a canoe-ful of rushes and raise the level of the floor.'

'When we got to the village, we paddled towards the nearest house. An elderly man, dressed in a long, cotton shirt, with a thin, curved dagger at his waist and a black and white check headcloth thrown over his head, hailed us and bade us welcome. It is this easy, informal hospitality which is so pleasant among tribal Arabs. You turn up at the house of somebody whom you have never seen before, and he makes you welcome and gives you of the best he has, because you are a guest.'

'Some of the marshmen are nomads, most of them are settled in villages—but the main concern of all of them is their buffaloes. These animals spend the night outside the houses and at dawn drop down into the water and swim off to their grazing grounds. Splash! Splash! Splash!—and the village comes to life. After a hurried breakfast, everyone—man, woman, and child—gets into a canoe and heads off into the reeds. Some go to collect dried reeds for fuel or for mat-making; most of them to cut and bring home the tender young shoots from freshly burnt areas as fodder for their buffaloes during

the night. A great part of their lives is spent in collecting this fodder for their animals. It is hard work, especially in the terrible, sticky heat of summer, but almost worse in winter, wading about waist deep in the icy water. Yet round the reed-beds there is always merriment, laughter, and song, for they are a happy carefree people. Others of them go off to spear fish with long, five-pronged spears. The tribesmen never net fish. This is done only by a low caste people called the *Berbera*.

'In the evening, as the sun goes down—often blood-red through the distant smoke of burning reed-beds—the buffaloes drift back from the grazing grounds. Everyone is busy, milking, carrying up bundles of fresh reeds, or lighting smoke fires to keep the mosquitos off the buffaloes during the night. Some duck fly over, and I hear a boy singing clear and sweet as he paddles back towards the village. It is all so peaceful. Perhaps I hear a plane go over, a reminder of our own noisy, rushing world, and I think to myself: Thank God, I'm not in that!'

On page 711 of *THE LISTENER* last week an excerpt was given from a talk about the celebration of the Buddha Jayanti. We regret that owing to an oversight the speaker's name was omitted. The talk was given by Mr. Christmas Humphreys in the Home Service.



A young marshman of southern Iraq

W. Thesiger

In Defence of Pressure Groups

S. E. FINER gives the first of two talks on the theory and practice of government

ALITTLE while ago the Minister of Education ran into the headlong opposition of the teachers over his Superannuation Bill. He was forced to retreat. At this *The Times* expressed a widely shared feeling of protest: 'Once again', it thundered, 'a concession has been won by threats and organised trouble making. There has been a retreat in face of sectional interest from principles of sound finance and fair, if strong dealing'.

I am not proposing to argue the rights and wrongs of the teachers' case. I do not even want to argue, what is much more controversial, the rights and wrongs of their methods. I want to take up the general point about 'sectional interests'. Is a sectional interest necessarily wicked? Is it wrong for sectional interests to make themselves heard—or even felt? Is it always wrong for Ministers to retreat before them?

Making Parliamentary Democracy Work

We could answer these questions if our democracy were that pure and simple form described by Rousseau: 'Bands of peasants regulating affairs of state under an oak and always acting wisely'. But in our complicated mass society the questions are unrealistic. We cannot all meet under an oak: even if we did we should have to take many decisions which are technical and complex and do not admit of simple moral answers. Given our mass democracy, the existence of special-interest groups is natural. And I would be prepared to go further. I should say they are indispensable. They are not inimical to our parliamentary democracy: they make it work.

Few people realise how ubiquitous are these special-interest groups, nor how important is their part in our political processes. They are so commonplace that they are inconspicuous. We only notice their existence when they do something spectacular: for instance, when the National Union of Teachers imposes a ban on collecting national savings in the schools. In fact the day-to-day activities of special-interest groups are so unsensational as to be deadly dull. But these day-to-day activities pervade all spheres of domestic policy every day in every way at all levels of government. Furthermore, the number of these groups is almost uncountable. There are and there have to be thousands and thousands of groups or associations which represent and defend some special interest in the population: trade unions, trade associations, old-age pensioners' associations, and the like. Their purpose is to defend and to further the interests of their members: and clearly there are times when these interests require some action or concession from Government. So that the influence of these groups on domestic policy can hardly be exaggerated.

Suppose, for instance, one wanted to describe how a statute reaches its final form on the Statute Book. It would not be enough to describe the programmes of the rival parties at election time, the subsequent victory of one of these parties, and then the stages by which this party pressed one particular bit of its programme through parliament. For, to begin with, party programmes themselves encapsulate the views and desires of certain special-interest groups. The research departments and policy committees of our political parties are in close touch with these groups when they are formulating party policy: and, we may be sure, the special-interest groups are at pains to keep in touch with them. The party often has to amend and temper what are possibly the crudely sectional desires of these groups into what it feels to be the public interest; but it cannot afford to ignore these groups. Next, when the leaders of the victorious party decide to turn part of this programme into a bill, the interest groups come in again. For the Minister in charge usually consults the affected interests before he drafts and publishes his bill. (This was done with the current Restrictive Trade Practices Bill, for example.) So that the bill as published has usually already been tarred with the special-interest brush. And once the bill has received its second reading in parliament it is, by convention, open season for all the interested groups to see the Minister and his advisers, and get them to re-shape the bill according to their wishes.

The whole intention of committee and report stage is, precisely, to make the bill run the gauntlet of all the special interests which it

affects. As a result, it often staggers out of parliament and on to the Statute Book substantially changed. Nor is this all—even this does not complete the influence of the interest groups. Because, when the bill has become an act, everything turns on the way it is administered. Anomalies and injustices appear; clauses demand interpretation. All such matters are raised by the special-interest groups who interview and state their case to the civil servants. The agreements they reach determine the way the statute is operated.

The way our constitution really works is in fact very different from the way it is popularly supposed to work. The popular belief is, roughly, something like this. Each of the two major parties is supposed to put a programme before the electorate. The electors choose the programme they prefer, and the party returned by a majority of the electorate carries its own programme out. In this way the acts of the government are supposed to embody the majority view, or 'the will of the people'. This view clearly has no room for special-interest groups. If and when they do appear they are distorting influences. They come between the 'will of the people' as determined at the election, and its expression in the shape of laws. Is this really so? Are these organisations really inimical to the practice of parliamentary government? I do not think so. I think that the loose popular view of the constitution is wholly false, and that we need a more realistic theory of how it works. And I think that in this more realistic theory the special-interest groups must be viewed as enriching our practice of democracy, not distorting it.

This is not to deny that there are unquestionably grave dangers in the position I have outlined. For example, not all interests are organised. Who speaks for them? Is it a Minister, the Civil Service, a handful of M.P.s? The French have a saying, 'Those who are absent are always in the wrong'. Nobody can express a person's emotions as well as that person himself. And it is no use arguing that such unorganised groups have the remedy in their own hands—in other words, to organise, as other interests have. For some sections of society, by the very nature of their work, are considerably easier to organise than others. The producers, for instance, whether employers or employees, are much easier to organise than the scattered unfocused mass of consumers. Again, even among the interests who are organised, some are wealthier, stronger, better placed than others. And some carry far more parliamentary weight than others. So that some groups are not organised at all; and some groups are more weakly organised than others.

An Insidious Danger

There is also another and insidious danger. This is the danger that the leaders and negotiators do not truly reflect the wishes of their members. Ministers and their officials are, I must add, aware of the danger and usually form a pretty shrewd idea of how representative a body really is. But they cannot insist on a Gallup poll of the association's members every time the leaders of that association put up a demand. To take one example among many: recently a great city promoted a bill to set up parking meters in its streets. The bill was defeated by the efforts of a motorist's association. This association circularised no less than 50,000 of its members to defeat this bill; yet the total responding was less than 400. But at a town meeting this small minority was sufficient to kill the proposal. Yet how representative was this active 400 of the 50,000 members generally?

Nobody ought to ignore these very real dangers. But some other objections to the part played by interest groups in our society seem somewhat exaggerated. People complain, for instance, that special-interest groups are sectional: that they put their own interest before that of the nation. This is to misunderstand the position. They do not put their own interest before the national interest; the trouble is they are always firmly convinced that their interest *is* the national interest. Road interests are convinced that new motor roads are in the national interest. The Cotton Board is sure that a thriving cotton industry is in the national interest. But it really would not matter that all these bodies took sectional views; in fact it would be an advantage, so long as all

views were put. The real difficulty here is one we have mentioned already; some interests are not organised and cannot put their point of view.

We are told that Ministers should decide 'impartially, and not under pressure'. This charge of pressure is often made. In a recent debate we find an Opposition member naming a certain association and saying bluntly:

It is as a result of private pressure by private interests that the Government have changed their minds on a decision which they previously considered to be in the public interest. . . . My complaint is that the association put on (the Minister) very severe political pressure and very sinister political pressure and that in fact it was this that brought about the change in Government policy.

The root of the trouble here is, as we have seen, that some interests are stronger and better organised than others. All the same, it is as well to remember some of the safeguards in our system. We call on the Minister to sustain the public interest. However he may be advised or even pressed by highly influential groups, the policy he announces is his policy, not theirs. He has to defend this policy before a highly critical House of Commons which is largely representative of our society as a whole; and he has to defend it before a highly critical and independent press.

'The System Has Great Merits'

In any case, we must be careful not to condemn all so-called 'political pressure' as wrongful and pernicious. When we think that resistance of an interest group is just, we tend to applaud it in the name of 'democratic control': it is only when we dislike it that we tend to call it 'political pressure'. However much we rely on Ministers to show wisdom and impartiality, we must assume that 'good government is no substitute for self-government'. And self-government, in our system, involves the activity of interest groups. For, when all is said and done, the system has great merits. Consider, to begin with, the disadvantages that would occur if the vague popular notion of the constitution were true. That notion, I will repeat, would have us believe that the electorate selects between two programmes, and one of these has to be carried out by the majority party. If this were all, what would it imply? It would mean that Conservative voters want everything in the Conservative programme and none of the things in the Labour programme; and that Labour voters want every item in the Labour programme and none in the Conservative one. This is demonstrably untrue. It would also mean that the party returned legislates for its supporters only—at best, some half of the nation. It would mean, too, that all legislation for a five-year period was pre-ordained by the mood of the public on one day in a particular year.

The great advantage of the way the system actually works is that it provides continuous consultation between government and the governed all the time—between elections. During this time the special interest groups fulfil vital functions. To begin with, they supply parties, Ministers, and civil servants with highly technical and specialised advice. Without this advice laws would be blind, and administration would be crippled. Also they vividly express the feelings of the 'toad beneath the harrow'. They bring distress or anger or pleasure into the offices of Whitehall: and this emotion is at first hand. So that Ministers and civil servants learn how people really *feel* about their policy. And, lastly, whatever the political complexion of the party in power, these interest groups exercise their democratic right—perhaps duty also?—to influence the policy that is to affect them.

In fact the system embodies two basically democratic principles. One is the right to participate in the making of policy. The other is the right to petition and to have access to those in authority. Suppose Ministers, M.P.s, and civil servants denied their right to do these things? There would be either a monstrous, rigid, and, above all, ignorant tyranny of party on the one hand; or a monstrous, rigid, and ignorant tyranny of bureaucrats on the other. The activity of special-interest groups is what tempers the system: and it does so by promoting this continuous interchange of opinion and information between government and governed. The dangers to which I referred earlier are real dangers, it is true. There is no doubt that they sometimes lead to injustices. They distort the system: but this does not make the system a bad one. It merely makes it much less good than it might be.

This stress on the important political role of interest groups introduces new conceptions of how our democracy works. Hitherto, one has tended to concentrate on the obviously political factors in the system: on the parties, on parliament, on the civil service. But here we have organisations which are not primarily political at all. Their

real functions are economic or religious or cultural or recreational. Yet they play a political role. Correspondingly we ought to conceive of the activity of politicians and administrators as only the obvious, the visible, part of the process. This process is simply the business of making decisions that will bind the whole community. This process, then, turns out to be as much social as it is political. In this process the interest groups are not sinister and sectionally minded interlopers who come between us and the Minister and between the Minister and the public interest. They are integral and necessary parts in the whole business of decision-making.

Perpetual Striving

We ought to conceive democratic politics as consisting of the perpetual strivings between a vast number of organised groups. Each conceives the public interest somewhat differently from its neighbours; and each strives to get its own view embodied in law, and so made binding on all the rest. Government, parliament, Ministers are not outside this system. They are not above the battle, imposing order on it. They are *inside* the system. Among the organised groups, they, too, are organised groups. They set the formal and final seal on the decision, and therefore they are the most important. But they are inside the system. They are influenced, as well as influencing: they are determined as well as determining.

In this way all decisions are, so to speak, the resultant of a vast parallelogram of social forces. One special interest pulls one way, a second pulls another way, the Minister, the civil service, the legislature—all pull in different ways. In the parallelogram of forces, some groups can pull stronger and longer than the rest: ministries can pull particularly hard and long. The final outcome—the shape of a statute, the framing of a regulation—is the resultant of all these forces.

I wonder if I can make this conception clearer by saying how I have always privately pictured the political process? You all know those large, electric pin-tables in amusement saloons? The pins carry different scores and every time your ball hits a pin, a score flashes up on an electric indicator. In my analogy the ball is the social issue to be decided. It is shot into the field of play and at once is tossed from one pin to another. It bounds and rebounds, running the gauntlet of organised attractions and repulsions. The score, *i.e.*, the final outcome, partly depends on the vigour with which the ball has been shot up. It depends on the tilt of the table. And it also depends on the pins it falls against. As it proceeds down the field of play, so the score flashes up, bit by bit, until in the end the ball runs out and the score is complete. Complete: but almost certainly different from the original intention in the player's mind. So it seems to me in the social field. In this elaborate process the pins—the special-interest groups—play as integral a part as the party-political forces that shoot the original proposals up into the social field of play.—*Third Programme*

The Curlew

Sweet-throated cry, by one no longer heard
Who, more than many, loved the wandering bird,
Unchanged through generations and renewed,
Perpetual child of its own solitude,
The same on rocks and over sea I hear
Return now with his unreturning year.
How swiftly now it flies across the sands,
Image of change unchanging, changing lands
From year to year, yet always found near home
Where waves in sunlight break in restless foam.
Old though the cave is, this outlives the cave,
And the grey pool that shuddered when it gave
The landscape life, reveals where time has grown
Turning green, slowly forming tears to stone.
The quick light of that cry disturbs the gloom.
It passes now, and rising from its tomb,
Carries remorse across the sea where I
Wait on the shore, still listening to that cry
Which bears a ghostly listening to my own;
Such life is hidden in the ringing stone
That rests, unmatched by any natural thing,
And joins, unheard, the wave-crest and the wing.

VERNON WATKINS

Thomas Hardy at Max Gate

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH on a visit in 1921

I HAVE such a vivid visual memory of Thomas Hardy. I see him on the threshold of the cottage in which he had been born. He is anxiously watching his friend, J. M. Barrie, climb a rickety ladder to get in through a window and open the locked door of the cottage from the inside, when Barrie was sixty-one years old. This incident was in May, 1921. I was then Barrie's secretary, and had the good fortune to go with him to stay with Hardy.

On our long train journey down to Dorset, Barrie told me that I must not expect to find Hardy's house, Max Gate, either beautiful or picturesque. In spite of this warning, I still thought this Wessex home could not fail to have something Hardyish about it—something to remind me, however faintly, of shepherds, dairymaids, *Under the Greenwood Tree*; and I must admit that the almost startling commonplaceness of the home which Hardy, originally an architect, had designed for himself, did come as rather a shock. We entered the house, which was closely surrounded by the dreariest shrubberies, through a gloomy little porch; and were shown into a small, dark, overcrowded room called the 'parlour'. My memory holds only a jumbled impression of this room. There were some blue Bristol glassware, bowls of potpourri and—the only characteristic item—a collection of large hour-glasses. If I remember rightly, an inner door opened into a peculiarly dismal little conservatory.

But I was too interested in Hardy himself to take much stock of his surroundings. I had heard it said that this 'quietest figure in literature'—that was how Barrie described Hardy—looked like a shrewd country solicitor. But at first sight he struck me as more like a shrewd, weather-wise farmer. Yes, I could easily picture him in leather gaiters at an agricultural show, either leading about, by the ring in its nose, a red-rosetted prize bull, or delivering, in the luncheon tent, a quiet, pithy speech. At first sight there was little in Hardy's shrewd face to remind you of the popular conception of a poet. I could scarcely imagine those steady eyes 'in a fine frenzy rolling'; nor would I have expected their calm gaze either to conjure up the beauty of Tess or to read into the mind of Napoleon. But if Hardy did not wear his Muse upon his sleeve, there was yet in the very inconspicuousness of his appearance something unobtrusively impressive. This impression deepened as I watched him. The high, broad forehead was very fine; the expression in the initiated, resigned eyes, unforgettable. They looked as if nothing could ever surprise them again. They were sad eyes—very sad—but unflinching, as though, after long sorrow, a certain serenity had been arrived at.

It was about four o'clock when Barrie and I arrived at Max Gate, and we sat talking over the tea-table until seven. I had been told that Hardy was the most unassuming, the least pretentious of talkers. He certainly was an uncompetitive talker. He seemed to have no desire to impress, persuade, or even amuse, but just to like uncontentiously to exchange ideas in the simplest possible words. Yet he never said anything that was not to the point, and you could not fail to become more and more aware of his extraordinary perceptivity. 'That man', Barrie had said of him on our journey down, 'couldn't look out of a window without seeing something that had never been seen before'.

The moment we arrived I was formally introduced to the most despotic dog guests had ever suffered under. This notorious dog, who was called 'Wessex', had, I am sure, the longest biting list of any domestic pet. His proud master lost no time in telling us that the

postman, who had been bitten three times, now refused to deliver any more letters at the door. The thick touse of Wessex's unbrushed coat made it impossible to guess to which, if any, breed he was supposed to belong, and I did not think it would be civil to ask. Wessex was specially uninhibited at dinner-time, most of which he spent not under, but *on*, the table, walking about unchecked, and contesting every single forkful of food on its way from my plate to my mouth.

What, besides Wessex, did we talk about at dinner? I remember one brief snatch of conversation. The question was asked:

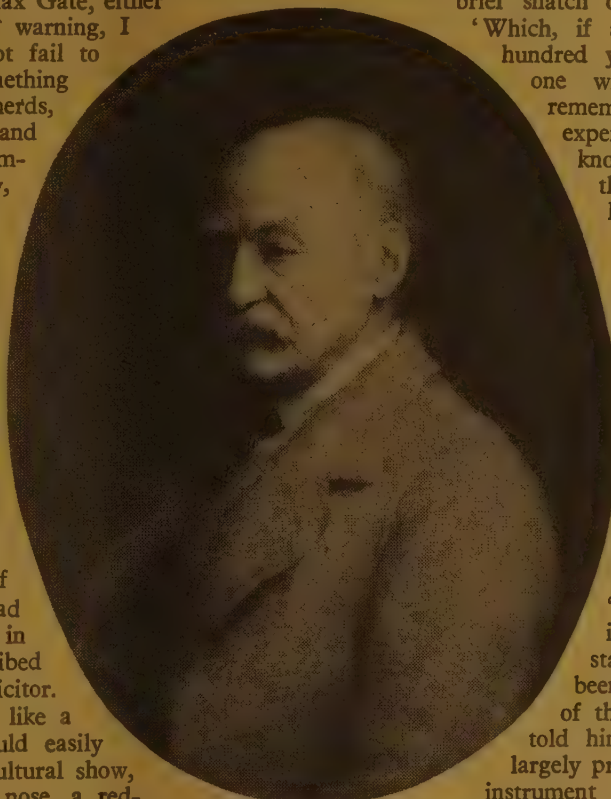
'Which, if any, living author will be known in five hundred years?' Hardy quickly answered: 'Someone whose name we have never heard'. I remember, too, his being quietly caustic at the expense of a certain, what he called, 'well-known society lady', who, he complained, though he had never met her, had just sent him a complete set of his own works with the request that he should inscribe each volume 'from her friend Thomas Hardy'.

Like so many other writers who have excelled in one branch of literature, Hardy, who had excelled in two, had set his heart on writing a successful play. Confessing this ambition, he complained that the dramatisation of his books had proved great disappointments, and he spoke with wistful respect of what he called 'Barrie's mysterious sixth sense'—the sense of the stage, which, alas, he knew he did not himself possess. He had recently been to some of the rehearsals of Barrie's latest play, 'Mary Rose', and had taken an immense interest in everything. The technicalities of stage production fascinated him, and he had been especially struck by the wordless singing of the 'Island Voices' in 'Mary Rose'. Barrie told him that the eerie effect of this music was largely produced by a hidden musician playing on an instrument not often included in an orchestra—a carpenter's saw! Hardy said he thought this instrument might be effectively used in the production of 'The Dynasts', a word which I noticed he pronounced with a short 'y'.

The impression I gathered from our dinner-table talk was that the one and only thing in which our host seemed to take the least pride was his descent from the Hardy of Trafalgar fame. He expressed great resentment at the attempt to convert Nelson's last words from 'Kiss me, Hardy', into 'Kismet, Hardy'.

While the two men sat on in the dining-room, I had some talk with Mrs. Hardy. She obviously adored her husband and seemed to be admirably good at what cannot have been an easy job. She looked very strained. Incidentally, she told me how worried she was about his health and by his refusal to see a doctor.

Barrie had often told me of how Hardy now idealised his first wife, who from all accounts had kept him very unhappy. Barrie's veneration for his friend did not prevent him from being amused by his foibles, and he often smiled over Hardy's preoccupation with his plans for his own burial—plans which were perpetually being changed. 'One day', said Barrie, 'Hardy took me to see the place where he wants most to be buried, and the next day he took me to see the place where he would like next best to be buried. Usually he says he is to be buried exactly in between his two wives; but sometimes he is to be so many inches nearer to the first; sometimes, so many inches nearer to the second'. I thought Barrie must be exaggerating, but the present Mrs. Hardy, a little wearily, if unresentfully, told me that her husband had one day made her walk six miles to show her the bench on which he used to sit



Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) in 1922: a painting by W. W. Ouless
National Portrait Gallery

while he was courting her predecessor. I wondered, but did not like to ask, whether he kept her up to date with his changing arrangements for her burial.

Later in the evening Hardy read us some poems by Charlotte Mew, a writer for whom he had a great admiration. I longed, but did not dare to ask him to read us some of his own poems. The reading aloud had a temporarily quietening effect on Wessex, who, so his master proudly informed us, was also very fond of the wireless. Hardy evidently thought the B.B.C. should provide a Dog's as well as a Children's Hour. Flopping on to the floor, this unruly animal subsided into silence until the reading was over and conversation was resumed, when he again took the centre of the stage. I cannot remember what we talked about after that, but I know that we sat up until long after midnight, and that it was an unforgettably delightful evening. Next morning Hardy came down very punctually and very spry to half-past-eight breakfast, after which he took Barrie and me upstairs to see the small 'study', as he called it, in which he wrote.

Simple, bare, workmanlike, and pleasantly shabby, this room was the only one in the house that had any character. Its walls, I remember, were distempered an unusual shade of coral pink. Hardy's plain, extremely neat writing table stood in the middle of the room, and some bookshelves faced the window. I can remember few details—I do not think there were many—but I do remember that a number of tin deed boxes, neatly piled one on top of the other, were stacked under the writing table; and that a framed 'wage-sheet'—Hardy's father's or grandfather's, I forget which—stood on the shelf above the fireplace. I do not think there was a single photograph in the room; nor I am almost sure, were there any pictures; but the old violin which

Hardy used to love to play hung on the wall above the bookcases.

At about ten o'clock Hardy took Barrie and me for a long walk. I need not have worried about how I was to suit the pace of my comparative youth to old age; at over eighty Hardy still had the stride, as well as the erect figure and alert eye, of a young man; and whenever we came to a hill he quickened his pace. 'Wessex', of course, came too. Like all dogs, he had a habit of pelting on ahead, and then, as if in sudden misgiving, stopping at intervals to look back at his master with an anxious, questioning expression. Hardy said he had often noticed this enquiring, apprehensive look in the eyes of dogs. Later he wrote about this look in a poem dedicated to Wessex, whom, when he died, his doting master described on his tombstone as 'The Famous Dog Wessex'.

Hardy took us to see the churchyard where the Dorset poet Barnes was buried, and then to his own native village, Higher Bockhampton. Here he pointed out the cottage in which he had been born, and this led to the incident which I can still see so clearly. Barrie was determined to see inside the hallowed precincts, but the door turned out to be locked. However, refusing to be thwarted, Barrie rootled about in the long grass until he found a decaying ladder. This, to my dismay, he made me hold, while, after trampling on all my fingers, he precariously climbed up and contrived to open one of the windows. Scrambling through this window, he disappeared from our sight. But after a moment or two he triumphantly opened the door with a bow to Hardy, and Hardy, returning the bow, re-entered the little dwelling where eighty-one years ago he had first cried, because—to quote words so much after his own heart—'he was come to this great stage of fools'.

—Home Service

J. W. Colenso, Bishop among the Zulus

The second talk on three non-conventionalists by A. P. RYAN

THE last person in the world whom you would expect to be out of step with the conventional beliefs of his day is a mid-Victorian bishop. But John William Colenso, from his boyhood in a poor home to his death in ripe old age, was a conscientious objector to anything and everybody in which he did not personally believe. And he died, as he had lived for many years, a bishop. Efforts, sincere ones, weighty and cunning ones, were made to unfrock him or to persuade him to unfrock himself; but a bishop he remained.

In his own time, he was perpetually in the news. For some of his contemporaries he was a wicked hypocrite or a shallow-minded publicity hunter. For others, he was a sincere and saintly champion of true Christian faith and a good friend of the oppressed African natives. I would not go so far as the author of his biography, written in two fat volumes and widely read at the time. This biographer begins on a note of superb confidence in the lasting fame of the man he was to write about. 'The life of Bishop Colenso', he tells us, 'has been and will be more momentous in its issues than perhaps any other life in the present century'. The biographer was wise to have put in that 'perhaps'. Colenso's fame has not lasted like that of many other Victorians, but he did have a long innings as a household word in British and also foreign homes. The great Conservative Prime Minister Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, thought him of sufficient importance to attack in a famous speech in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. Disraeli, who had a tremendous flair for rhetoric, denounced him as a prelate who had reached crude conclusions and who appeared to have commenced his theological studies after he had grasped the crosier, and who had introduced to society his obsolete discoveries with the startling wonder and frank ingenuousness of his own savages. Seldom has a bishop received such biting attention from a statesman.

Why Colenso let himself in for such abuse and why he loomed so large in Victorian public attention are questions that seem to me amusing to ask. Colenso was no ordinary bishop. To start with, his surname does not suggest Crockford, the *Who's Who* of the Anglican clergy. It does not even sound British. I say 'British' and not 'English': Colenso was a Cornishman, and his father was a mineral agent for part of the Duchy of Cornwall. Unfortunately, the family affairs did not prosper and young John, born in 1814, the year before

the Battle of Waterloo, had a hard start in life. At seventeen he became an usher in a Devonshire school, where he worked from five in the morning until eight at night, and still found time for two daily hours of private reading. From childhood he had been determined to become a clergyman. But at first he was not sure whether the Church of England or the Nonconformists should have his allegiance. He determined also to go to Cambridge, and he wrote to a comparatively rich uncle—which was not saying much in that family—asking him to advance a little money, and saying that he knew of a man who had got through the university on £20 a year. John went to Cambridge, lived the hard way there and climbed to the heights of second wrangler.

Mathematics were his strong suit. They took him to Harrow as a master, and his foot seemed to be on the comfortable ladder. But there was a fire and his home was burnt down, and those were the days before insurance had come into its own. The young man who had been prepared to get on on £20 a year at Cambridge was saddled with debts, running into some thousands of pounds. They did not dismay him. He returned to his college as a fellow and, then, marrying a lady of the good Christian surname of Bunyan, had to give up his fellowship. Fellows at that time had to be unmarried. He took a country living in Norfolk, and settled down to raise a family and to help support it by writing school books on arithmetic and algebra.

You might think that fate had done with him, that he had settled into the quiet groove of a country clergyman. Instead, he heard and obeyed the missionary call. A new British colony had recently been founded in Natal, on the east coast of South Africa, and it needed a bishop. The natives in those parts are Zulus, one of the most terrible fighting Bantu tribes whose army, under Chaka, the Black Napoleon as he is still called, had, within then living memory, been a terror alike to their black and white neighbours. Colenso went to Natal, and in that country of warm sunshine, lovely rolling countryside, and most attractive inhabitants, his whole nature expanded. The Zulus, when they were not on the warpath, were, and are, a good people to meet. Colenso learnt their language, poured out a spate of text-books in it, and sought, with the greatest enthusiasm and absolutely simple sincerity to make them Christians.

This quickly brought him into conflict with the ecclesiastical powers

that were. He found polygamy a recognised domestic system among the Zulus, and he decided that there was a good deal to be said in its favour. Do not misunderstand me. He had no doubts as a Christian that monogamy was right, but, considering the case of what he called the 'intelligent Zulu', he argued as follows. Suppose a Zulu, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them, who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land, has lived with them for thirty years or more, had children and cherished them faithfully and affectionately—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives and cause them, in the eyes of all their people, to commit adultery because he had become a Christian? It was not an easy question to answer. And the Bishop did not leave it at that. What is to become of their children, he asked? And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David with their many wives? The conclusion he came to was that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands on their conversion to Christianity was 'quite unwarrantable and opposed to the plain teaching of Our Lord'.

Colenso came to this way of thinking about the beginning of the Crimean war, when religious orthodoxy was just beginning to be put on the defensive. So no wonder it fluttered the ecclesiastical dove-cotes. But the influence of the Zulus on him was by no means spent. He noted that, when a heathen child was taught that non-Christians went to Hell and she asked where her parents had gone, she was told that their destiny was the dark place. At this she cried despairingly: 'Why did they not come and tell us this before?' Orthodoxy at this time was disposed to keep the Hell fires burning. Colenso was not. Then, in telling his heathen listeners the Bible stories, he grew disquieted by the direct unaffected question he kept on being asked, 'Is all that true?' Was it all true? Did the whale swallow Jonah? 'My heart answered in the words of the prophet, Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord? I dared not do so'. Following his conscience, he examined the Pentateuch, the early books of the Old Testament, and published what he thought about them. The story of the Creation in Genesis contradicted itself. There may have been a real Moses—and there may not. There was certainly no such person as Joshua. His mathematical past caught up on him, and he passed critical comments on statistics about the dimensions of sacred buildings and the numbering of the chosen people.

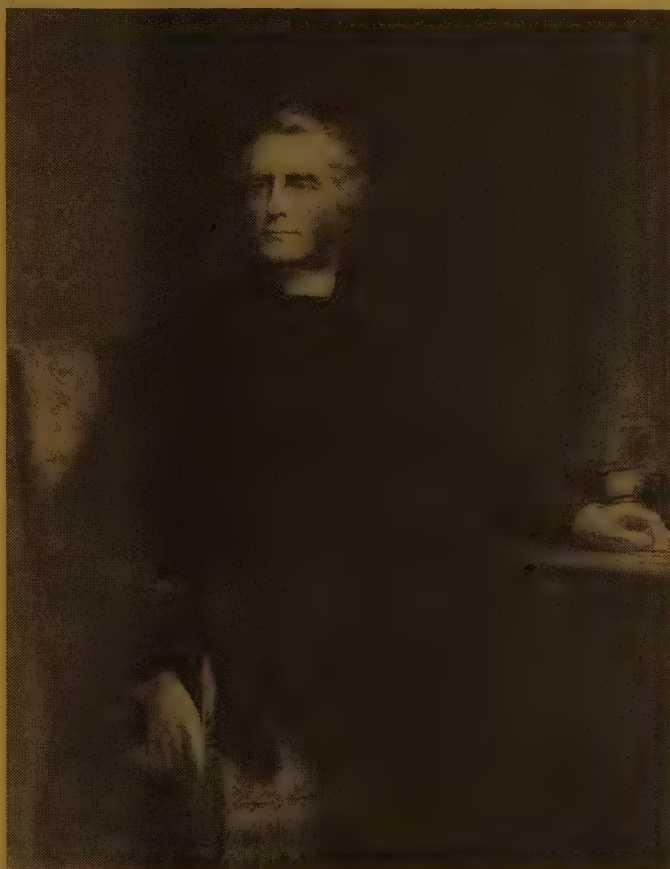
Naturally, all this got him into trouble. The pious and decent bishop in Cape Town, which was the senior city in South Africa, called on him to explain himself. He refused to do so, and said that Cape Town had no authority over him. His deposition was pronounced by his accuser, but the Privy Council, to whom he appealed, decided that he was in the right. This was a sad blow to all those who hated the idea that the civil power had, as it still has, the last word in deciding what is and is not right in the Church of England. Colenso was excommunicated, a rival bishop was consecrated. Colenso remained unmoved. His cathedral was closed to him. The bell ropes were tied up, the harmonium locked, and the prayer book and Bible taken away. Colenso carried on, insisting on preaching in his own cathedral, drawing huge congregations and remarking—with what I should like to think was Christian humility—of his opponents, 'As usual their blunders have helped my cause immensely'. He flitted to and fro between South Africa and England, being forbidden in this country to preach. Back in Natal, he had to face an attempt by the missionaries' societies to starve him out by the withdrawal of their contributions to his clergy. He was subjected to the portentous-sounding 'greater excommunication', and his flock was enjoined to treat him as 'a heathen man and a publican'.

That was in the middle eighteen-sixties, and it had so little effect on his fortunes that he continued to be a Bishop and an active force in Natal until his death in harness in the early 'eighties. And so little did this clerical strife wear down this indomitably opinionated Cornishman that he had the energy to enter with zest into civil strife. His differences with more orthodox bishops had been followed with tolerance and indeed with sympathy by many members of the white South African laity. Now he fell foul of them. He told the British that they had no business to annex the Boer colony of the Transvaal. When they had done so and were preparing to start what the average white South African regarded as an inevitable defensive war against the Zulus, he said that it was unjust and illegal. He stood up for individual Zulu chiefs. He insisted on visiting Zulu prisoners in gaol and, the

weather being cold, stripped himself of his overcoat and left it with one of them. No wonder that a meeting of colonists reprobated in the strongest manner his actions in maligning the whites, distorting facts, fostering rebellion and, in general, conducting himself unworthily, seeing that he held the high position and calling of a bishop.

Colenso was not the first clergyman to shock well-meaning conventional opinion among his white fellow citizens in South Africa, nor, as we well know today, was he to be the last. If he were alive today I have no doubt but that in the eyes of many white South Africans he would be regarded as a more shocking fellow than even Father Huddleston. He did not mind shocking. Indeed, I suspect that the old warrior rather liked doing so. He believed, humbly and implicitly, that he was doing right in the eyes of his Lord, and this lent zest—there is no other word for it—to his ups and downs with archbishops and other important people. He was happy in his family circle. Two of his daughters joined with him, and carried on after his death, in championing the Zulus.

I am no theologian, and I do not pretend to know how far he was right in all his biblical criticism. I do know that he was partly right and partly wrong in what he said about the Zulus. But what has given me my affection for him is the integrity of



John William Colenso (1814-1883), Bishop of Natal: a portrait painted in 1866 by S. Sidley
National Portrait Gallery

the man. He preached his last sermon only a few days before he died, still near the Indian Ocean and far away from the stormy Atlantic waves that break on the Cornish coast. If I were a Cornishman, which I am not, I should be proud to claim him as a fellow-countryman. His face, with the long, thin, sensitive mouth, and kindly, rather puzzled eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles, and the whirl of whiskers round cheek and chin, is very engaging. It is a period piece. But somehow the man behind it is a live man. Even some of his most bitter opponents found him so. And many humble people at the time drew inspiration from him. When he died, an old Lancashire clergyman remarked: 'I never saw Colenso, and I felt more joy for him than sorrow for others or myself when I heard of his departure. He is now where due praise and honour will be given him by millions of his equals'. That is a very handsome tribute, and not every bishop has got it from a country clergyman of his own day or from posterity.—*Home Service*

The June number of *The Geographical Magazine*, price 2s. 6d., opens with an article on 'The Tradition of Craftsmanship in Sweden' by Eva Ralf. Mr. Nigel Nicolson, M.P., writes about 'The Grenadier Guards in the Low Countries', and the photogravure supplement by J. Allan Cash is concerned with 'Irish Peat and Electricity'. The June number of *Town and Country Planning*, which is published monthly by the Town and Country Planning Association, price 1s. 6d., contains an article on 'Europe's Disinherited Regions' by Margaret Osborn and 'Defects in Advertisement Control' by J. Dorrington.

Buddhist Sculpture in India

By JOHN IRWIN

IT is an astounding fact that only in the last half-century has Buddhist art been considered at all as a subject worth serious study. Not quite half a century, in fact. It was in 1910 that the first gesture of recognition was made, in the form of a letter to *The Times*. The letter was a protest against some indiscreet remarks passed on Buddhist sculpture at a meeting of the Royal Society of Arts. It was signed by a number of distinguished artists and intellectuals of the day, among whom were Laurence Housman, Walter Crane, W. R. Lethaby, and William Rothenstein. Appealing for a more sympathetic interest, they wrote that Buddhist sculpture should be respected as 'a lofty and adequate expression of the religious emotion of the people and their deepest thoughts on the subject of the divine'.

The outcome of this letter was the foundation of the Royal India Society and the opening of a new era in Indo-European scholarship. Here I want simply to draw attention to the grounds on which Buddhist art was first accepted as a worthy and respectable subject for study: that it represented India's 'deepest thoughts on the subject of the divine'. Dr. Coomaraswamy, the pioneer scholar of Indian art, a few years later put this idea into more sophisticated language when he made his well-known statement that everything India had to offer to the world proceeded from the genius of her philosophers. In other words, Indian art was to be interpreted in purely literary terms, which meant really the mystical or esoteric philosophies of the Brahman, priestly tradition. The sculpture was to be seen primarily as a vehicle of an abstruse symbolism.

I do not want to deny the genius of Indian philosophy, nor do I underrate its historical importance. What I want to claim here is that it helps us surprisingly little towards an appreciation of the immensely rich and vigorous tradition of Buddhist sculpture. The philosophers were men with vocations: Brahmins, monks and ascetics. Their mode of thought—and often their language—was remote from ordinary people.

First among the qualities needed for a great tradition of stone-carving is technical skill: the ability to master and bring to life obstinate and inanimate material. Indian sculptors, therefore, were first and foremost guild craftsmen, working co-operatively. They were sculptors before they were Buddhists, or Jains, or Hindus, and though monuments in any one area might have been commissioned by different religious bodies, it is not generally realised that the same hands were employed in making them.

The monk-philosophers of early Buddhism apparently had little use for the arts and even condemned them along with worldly pleasures. 'Beauty is nothing to me', says the author of *Dasa Dhamma Sutta*, 'neither the beauty of the body, nor that which comes of dress. . . . Form, sound, taste, smell, touch, these intoxicate human beings, cut off the yearning inherent in them'. Monks of the early Buddhist brotherhood were expressly forbidden to paint pictures on the walls of monas-

teries, and the arts of music and dancing were condemned along with cock-fighting as undesirable amusements, unprofitable for the wise. On the other hand we have the voluble evidence of the sculptures themselves—those confident expressions of human form, rich in joy, sensuous! Think of the reliefs of Bharhut (the first great Buddhist monument, built in the second century B.C.), where ordinary scenes of village life are rendered with frank and dramatic simplicity; Sanchi in the first century A.D., where the dominant impression is one of festival and pageantry,

rather than introspection. Again, two centuries later, there is Amaravati, where railings and pillars are ornamented with a symmetrical profusion of limbs and bodies.

It is my contention that there is nothing hieratic about such art, nothing redolent of an abstruse metaphysic. Nor is it right to apply the word 'spiritual'. In the West we associate this term inevitably with the conflict between flesh and spirit. But to Indian art such a conception is utterly foreign. Here, fruit, flowers and foliage, men and beasts, are portrayed with intense delight in their mundane existence, reflecting an attitude to life in which any dualism between spirit and matter, or between the mystic and the sensual, is inadmissible.

When we come to analyse the significance of the specifically Buddhist contribution to Indian sculpture we find that it is social rather than philosophic. This sculpture reflects clearly the main stages of transformation through which Buddhism passed during the thousand years following the death of its founder, about 480 B.C. It would not be untrue to say that Buddhism came into existence as a protest against priestcraft—against the old Brah-

manic sacrificial cults, with their exclusive privileges for the 'chosen' Aryan minority. In proclaiming the spiritual equality of man, and thus opening its ranks to non-Aryans, early Buddhism prepared the way for a tremendous release of popular forces. These were soon to transform its original character as a monastic order into that of a popular religion with a cult—incorporating the beliefs, practices, and modes of worship characteristic of the traditional cults of the soil.

The great Buddhist shrines, the *stupas* and *caityas*, by their very nature as monuments with pre-Buddhist associations, were evidence of this process. Before Buddhism the *stupa* was the primitive tumulus or burial ground. When it was taken over by Buddhism it retained its shape as a hemisphere, but became a symbol for the last event of the Buddha's life—his achievement of Nirvana, the state of final bliss. Its new purpose was to enshrine relics either of the Buddha or Buddhist saints, the tumulus being built over the stone coffer in which the reliquary was enclosed. Surrounding the whole *stupa* was a circular railed-in terrace where pilgrims could walk. The contribution of the sculptor to these monuments was in the carving and decoration of the railings and gateways, which in their architectural form were based on earlier wooden prototypes.

The *caitya*—which was the name given to the Buddhist temple—was also associated in origin, if not in form, with primitive cults. Before it



The North Gate, Sanchi stupa (first century B.C.)

came to mean a temple, a *caitya* was any piece of ground deemed sacred, usually located on the outskirts of villages. To the village people they were the abodes of earth- or tree-spirits who had power over both life and crops.

Their importance in the day-to-day life of the villagers was therefore infinitely greater than any Brahman or Buddhist conception of the Absolute could be. Owing nothing to Buddhism, these godlings are yet the most prominent feature of early Buddhist art. Examples of them are the seductive female figures carved on the railings and gateways at Bharhut and Sanchi. Their conception owes nothing to hieratic canons. They are godlings of a human world whose power one feels does not extend beyond the vicinity of their creation.

Equally important for understanding the sculpture was the use made of the age-old Indian belief in reincarnation—the belief that in an earlier life you were born an animal, and that, in a future life, you might revert to animal form. It was from this, surely, that there arose the intense feeling for nature and animal life which we find so appealingly displayed in early Buddhist relief carvings, where animals as well as human beings bring flowers and offerings in homage to the Buddha. The treatment is everywhere full of sympathy, conveying a delicate, affectionate sense of kinship—the processions headed by gaily caparisoned elephants and horses; the lotuses, waterfowl, and fish, with here and there a buffalo cooling itself in the water. For its period, the theme is unique in the history of art.

This early phase of Buddhist art can be traced from the Bharhut shrine, of the second century B.C., through Sanchi and up to the great monuments at Amaravati and Nagajunakonda, both of the second century A.D. Amaravati represents the early Buddhist style in its most mature flowering, and we are lucky in having some fine examples at the British Museum. In these Amaravati reliefs, the naivety of the earlier style has given place to sophistication, but without any loss of vitality. In fact, the vitality has been allowed greater scope by the sculptor's increased technical assurance, his ability to express vigorous action with great conciseness and within the confines of small friezes and medallions. To see the Amaravati reliefs is to feel at once the fervour—indeed the frenzy—which the myths of popular Buddhism excited in its adherents. It is extraordinary to think that the other site—Nagajunakonda—has been virtually unknown outside archaeological circles until this year. Now the gap has been excellently filled by a book called *The Art of Nagajunakonda*, by Mr. Ramachandra Rao, which has been recently published in Madras. The beautiful plates of this book made an interesting comparison with Amaravati. They are later, and represent the culmination of the early Buddhist style, a lapse from vigour into luxury and ease, beyond which no further development—without a break—was possible.



'The Elevation of the Begging Bowl': a relief medallion from Amaravati stupa (second century A.D.)

the processions headed by gaily caparisoned elephants and horses; the ponds teeming with

this was a popular demand for the image in worship—a need felt among Buddhists, Jains, and Hindus alike.



An eight-foot-high statue of the Buddha in sandstone (Gupta period, fifth century A.D.)

In the art I have been talking about, the Buddha himself never appeared in human form, but was represented by symbols such as a footprint or a vacant throne. (An obvious parallel would be the early Christian art of the Catacombs, where Christ's presence is indicated by symbols such as the fish, the dove, and the sacred monogram.) The Buddha figure did not come into general use for worship until the second century A.D.—more than 500 years after the Master's death. This innovation reflects a change in religious outlook. The people of India at this time, in common with the people of Rome, were forsaking their secular cults for a more transcendent faith—a faith which would deliver them from the miseries of their earthly existence and promise universal mercy and redemption.

Hitherto the Buddha had been regarded as an ordinary human being preaching an ethical doctrine. Now he was elevated to the divine status of 'Saviour', and around him appeared a whole pantheon of lesser deities or Bodhisattvas. A new mythology, too, accompanied these changes, according to which the Bodhisattvas or 'Buddhas-to-be' were seen as figures of immeasurable charity and compassion, ready to answer prayers and to help the individual through the toils of his transmigration on earth. The result of all this was a popular demand for the image in worship—a need felt among Buddhists, Jains, and Hindus alike.

The problem for sculptors was how to standardise the individual deities so that they were immediately recognisable. In the case of the lesser deities or Bodhisattvas this was done by associating certain attributes with certain figures. Padmapani has the lotus; Manjusri, the lion—just as we associate St. Peter with the keys or St. Lawrence with the gridiron. But the creation of the Buddha figure involved special difficulties, such as representing the skull-protuberance, the *ushnisha*—the distinguishing mark with which the Buddha was said to have been born. Exactly how these iconographical conventions came into being is still a problem for archaeologists, but once they were established the way was clear for a glorious epoch of monumental figure carving. The craftsman was free to concentrate on the total effect required from his image. In the case of the Buddha, this was to suggest serenity and composure—the withdrawal from the everyday world of sorrow, decay, death. The image must be an outward manifestation of a state of mind, and to this end the sculptors made brilliant use of the forms and volumes of the human body, fusing them into one sinuous whole—a calm, reposeful being animate with surface tension. This has justly been called the classic phase of Buddhist art, notable for its quality of refinement and clear definition. An example is the magnificent seven-foot copper statue of the Buddha now in Birmingham Museum. Another is the well-known Sanchi torso in the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In working out an iconography for the standardisation of the lesser deities or Bodhisattvas, sculptors were influenced by current ideals of kingship and the fashions of court life. This is an interesting reflection of the genuinely popular and progressive role fulfilled by Indian kingship at this period—in particular by the Gupta kings who united northern India against ruinous foreign invasion. As a result, ideals of kingship widely influenced all levels of culture. A striking example is the art of the Ajanta cave-paintings, where the Bodhisattvas are conceived as kings and depicted in the mode of contemporary court life. There are parallels in popular literature, particularly in the epics such as the Mahabharata and the Ramayana which, in Gupta times, were re-edited and given their forms as we know them today. The important thing is that this classical Buddhist art escaped being a court art in the narrow sense. It was an art to which both folk and courtly elements contributed, and in which they found composite expression.

I have been suggesting that the real significance of Buddhism in Indian art stemmed from its spirit of tolerance, its very nature as a

democratic religion, offering equal opportunities for salvation irrespective of race, caste, or class. In practice this meant that the mass of its supporters, while declaring themselves followers, felt no compulsion to give up their older, more earthy and primitive beliefs and practices. Nor apparently was there any orthodox pressure to persuade them to do so. From the orthodox point of view, it was perhaps a case of assimilating-to-kill—at any rate, to make harmless. But, as far as the art was concerned, it was a case of popular tradition winning. There was reflected in the sculpture a sensuous appreciation of life as something to be accepted and enjoyed, in marked contrast to orthodox emphasis on withdrawal and asceticism.

Buddhism was a catalyst for the transformation of this earthy, dynamic folk-culture into a great tradition of monumental sculpture which followed an uninterrupted development for 2,000 years. It was only much later—when the Brahmins and their books did eventually systematise Indian sculpture under Hindu, not Buddhist, patronage—that the eye and the hand of the stone-carver lost their vital spontaneity.

—Third Programme

The Generous Creed—III

The New Liberalism

By W. L. BURN

FIFTY years ago a great deal was being talked about the 'new' Liberalism and, for better or worse, Liberalism still retains the meaning which it acquired then. No doubt Liberals look back nostalgically to what must seem those great days when their cause was supported by such powerful writers as Hobhouse, Hobson, C. P. Scott, and Spender; was led by Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill; was ornamented by the learning of Bryce and Haldane; and had the ultimate support of a majority of 130 votes in the House of Commons over any possible combination. It was in that glad, confident morning that the mover of the Address, a member for one of the London boroughs, congratulated those whose efforts had succeeded 'in converting London from what we look upon as the darkness of error to the light of the Gospel of Truth'. Although the elections, he said, had been a knell to some, to others they had been 'bells as musical as those which on the golden-shafted trees of Eden shook in the eternal breeze'. I have not been able to identify this quotation but the emotion behind it is obvious. And when Campbell-Bannerman curtly told Balfour 'Enough of this foolery', he appeared to speak for a party and a government sure of their objectives and both determined and equipped to attain them. A little over eight years later, in July 1914, Lloyd George publicly admitted that if an insurrection of labour and an Irish rebellion should coincide the situation would be 'the gravest with which any government has had to deal for centuries'.

British Liberalism is sometimes depicted as a system of thought and policy which remained substantially intact and potentially fruitful until it was destroyed by the impact of war, of internal dissensions and of economic depression. It seems to me, however, that it had failed politically by 1914 and that the reasons for its further decay must be found in its years of power. To say that is not to deny that it carried some useful measures and had to its credit some notable administrative achievements. Yet I still think it is obvious that a government which finds itself in the position of Asquith's government in 1914 has failed.

How had this come about? Or, to put the question more broadly, what had happened (and what has happened since) to the pride and faith and hope which Liberals felt in the spring of 1906? Let us look for a moment at the situation then. Although a Liberal victory in the General Election had been highly probable it had not been certain and its magnitude was unexpected. Liberals had the more reason to feel triumphant because they had won their victory after long years of frustration and disappointment. According to their view they represented the 'people' and when the 'people' had been given the reality of political power by the Acts of 1867 and 1884 Liberalism ought to have been increasingly in the ascendant. In defiance of this simple political logic the 'people' had shown an irritating tendency to support imperialism and to vote Conservative. It was not altogether their fault: they had (it was said) been deluded about the real nature of imperialism and perhaps influenced at long range by popular, pseudo-scientific

arguments for the survival of the fittest. And they were the less to blame because Gladstone, although he supplied a thrilling battle-cry in the form of Irish Home Rule, had remained a stubborn individualist, bent in an old-fashioned way on retrenchment, almost impervious to the rising demands for positive and expensive measures of social reform.

In these circumstances the Liberal programme (apart from Home Rule) had sunk to a collection of comparatively trivial and uninspiring proposals, and even the great, fundamental truths of Liberalism had been obscured. 'It is well to be under no illusions about democracy', Hobhouse said in *Democracy and Reaction*. 'Free government has not produced general demoralisation but neither has it, as was hoped, prevented it'. He admitted the widespread disillusionment which had lately prevailed among Liberals. 'Personal freedom, Colonial self-government, national rights, reduced expenditure—these were the watch-words of the old Liberalism. To many of us a few years ago they seemed worn-out phrases which would never again kindle fire'. Now they, or something, had kindled not merely a fire but a blazing conflagration.

The most thoughtful exponents of the new Liberalism were far from anxious to make a clean and final break with the old. Indeed, they could not have done so if they had wished because it was evident that some of the older Liberal themes, such as devotion to the principle of nationality and to the interests of Protestant nonconformists, were still much to the fore. To achieve the synthesis of the old Liberalism and the new, two things, especially, seemed necessary. One was the repudiation of imperialism and of theories and practices of racial domination discreditable to a country which had abolished slavery in its own territories and had fought the slave-trade all over the world. The second thing was to remedy those evils, the maldistribution of wealth, the existence of chronic poverty and unemployment, the terrible housing conditions which such books as Booth's *Life and Labour of the People of London*, Rowntree's *Poverty* and Money's *Riches and Poverty* had exposed.

The way in which Hobhouse sought to deal with the issue of individualism versus state-intervention is interesting. He took as the arch-type of Liberalism not Gladstone but Cobden, and argued that since Cobden had supported certain restrictions on child labour because he appreciated the effects of inequality in bargaining strength, further evidence of such inequality would have secured his consent to further instalments of state action. In the light of this argument the conflict between Liberalism and Socialism appeared to lose its gravity and to be no more than a friendly clash of opinion which men of goodwill would settle by compromise. 'The difference', said Hobhouse, 'between a true, consistent, public-spirited Liberalism and a rational Collectivism ought, with a genuine effort at mutual understanding, to disappear'.

It seems to me that there were two major weaknesses in Hobhouse's arguments. Apart from the paucity of evidence that Cobden would have reasoned in the way attributed to him, the Cobdenite doctrine of pacific internationalism had represented in its day only a fraction of contemporary Liberalism. The Liberal position had been strong because

it was like a rope woven of several strands, most of them far tougher than Cobdenism. There had been Whiggism, arrogant, selfish, but sincerely if narrowly patriotic. There had been the cold, unsentimental calculations of Utilitarianism. Above all, perhaps, there had been the close association between Liberal in the political sense and liberal in the sense one has in mind in speaking of a 'liberal' education or even of a 'liberal' helping to a dish: a sense of largeness, liberation, generosity, of unlimited opportunities, of life growing richer and deeper as restrictions and relaxations diminished. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 had almost completed the alienation of Whiggism from Liberalism; Utilitarianism had fallen out of fashion. What of Liberalism would be left if its followers accepted the restrictions and the coercions which Collectivism was bound to demand? Hobhouse himself was no lover of bureaucracy but he and the new Liberals failed, I think, to find the point at which state intervention must stop and the evils left uncorrected must be left to the correction of the individual mind and conscience.

The Labour Party and Liberalism

Their task would no doubt have been easier if there had been only two parties and if they could have acted as an educative force, influencing the Liberal ranks from within. But the existence of an independent Labour Party, however small in numbers for the moment, meant that there was a body of opinion in parliament and in the country which would not be content to wait until the old Liberalism had been smoothly and painlessly moulded into the new. And, behind the Labour Party and the trade unions were syndicalists, more impatient and less grateful still. And naturally, since there was a Liberal Party as well as Liberalism as a body of beliefs, there were politicians who had to look to votes.

In these circumstances the Liberal Government and the Liberal Party performed a jerky and ungainly retreat. The signs of that retreat were such measures as the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, the institution in 1908 of the Eight Hours Day in the coal-mines, the reversal of the judgement in Osborne's Case and the Minimum Wage Act of 1912. It was possible to say—as Hobhouse said—that although trade unionism involved coercion the liberty which was sacrificed was of less importance than the liberty which was gained. But it seemed improbable that the Government had thus weighed the balance of advantages. Mr. Herbert Samuel (as he then was) gave with embarrassing frankness the reason for the Eight Hours Day Bill. 'If this Bill is not to be passed', he said, 'and if the miners are left to their own devices and to the strength of their organisation, it means a coal strike and nothing else'. It was, in fact, difficult to conclude that the Liberal progress leftwards was a great deal more than the result of political calculation and industrial pressure.

It is apposite to quote at this point from the preface which Bryce, the Liberal scholar-statesman, contributed to Ostrogorski's *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, published in 1902:

In the ideal democracy every citizen is intelligent, patriotic, disinterested. His sole wish is to discover the right side in each contested issue, and to fix upon the best man among competing candidates. His common sense, aided by a knowledge of the constitution of his country, enables him to judge wisely between arguments submitted to him, while his own zeal is sufficient to carry him to the polling-booth.

One may wonder why in such a society such a gross contrivance as the polling-booth was necessary and why the choice of the best men (if among these admirable persons one was better than another) could not have been settled in rational conversation. But the point I want to make is that Bryce's ideal of liberal democracy (which was in part Hobhouse's also) was very difficult to reconcile not merely with the sale of honours and the Marconi scandal but with the idea of Liberalism being at once a thinking *élite* and the motivating force in government. If Liberal beliefs were being sacrificed to political and economic expediency it did not mean that they had no merit but it might mean that they lacked the strength to defend themselves.

There is, however, a more substantial criticism to be made. You may have noticed the qualifying adjectives and clauses which Hobhouse used in arriving at the conclusion that differences between Liberals and Collectivists ought to disappear. Certainly, if one party is true, consistent, and public-spirited and the other is rational, and if each makes a genuine effort to understand the other's case, the probability of conflict between them is remote. On this basis there would be no wars, no strikes, no litigation: public-spirited Irish Republicans and rational Ulster Unionists, nazis and anti-nazis, communists and anti-communists similarly endowed would have no difficulty in reaching

agreement. What is lacking here is the realisation that the number of people with a capacity for reaching agreement in this way is comparatively small and that they rarely form the decisive element in a society or nation. Crude, uncompromising men, single-minded fanatics, have made a great deal of the world's history. To assume that because a particular situation is desirable it either exists in the present or will exist in the future seems to me to be the product of a dangerous imprecision of thought.

The same imprecision appears over and over again in *Democracy and Reaction*. 'There can be no real popular sovereignty', said Hobhouse, 'without perfect liberty for the expression of opinion'. He was arguing for, and desired, popular sovereignty. He failed to foresee the possibility that the opponents of popular sovereignty might use this 'perfect liberty' to decry that ideal, to misrepresent its supporters, to undermine its bases, in the end to subvert it by violence. What strikes me here is the inability to mark the point when 'perfect liberty of expression' ceases to confer an advantage on society and leads, instead, to its subversion.

The same criticism, that it was characterised by a fatal imprecision, applies to the attitude of the new Liberalism towards nationalism. 'Nationalism', said Hobhouse, 'may be exaggerated like everything else . . . but a nation that is merely standing up for its own rights and is not seeking either to conquer or patronise the world at large has always had the sympathy of liberally-minded men'. Here again is the type of qualification to which I drew attention before, the same vagueness and, ultimately, the same futility. What is a nation? What are the rights for which it is justified in standing up? What is to happen when it continues to think that it is only standing up for its rights, while 'liberally-minded men' think it is beginning to conquer or patronise? What are the 'liberally-minded men' to do then, beyond withdrawing their sympathy?

It would be absurd to suggest that the new Liberals would have taken pleasure in the bloody and fanatical exhibitions of nationalistic fervour which bedevil the world today. Yet it is highly arguable that the Liberalism of those years showed not merely in theory but in practice some of the major defects which have become more obvious since they have been practised on a larger stage.

What were they? One was a belief that mankind at large acted rationally and generously or would so act if a few sinister influences were removed. The trouble about this particular form of belief is that one may go far astray in selecting the sinister influences. To most Liberals of that day Milner was a sinister influence and the Boer nationalists whom he had conquered were the reverse. I do not know how many of the survivors of Edwardian Liberalism would take that view today. Perhaps the fault lay in the Liberal tendency to assume that people and peoples who want freedom want it as an end in itself and not as a step towards power over others.

Imprecision of Mind

But the main indictment of that Liberalism lies, as I have suggested more than once, in its imprecision of mind. There was, for instance, the concept of nationality. Ireland was assumed to be a nation and therefore to have the right to its own parliament. But it was at least arguable that there was not just one nation, there were two nations in Ireland; and that if one is speaking in terms of rights, Ulster had a right to be exempt from the jurisdiction of a Dublin parliament. Whatever the merits of the Ulster case, the failure of the Liberal Government to appreciate it in time and to understand the fanaticism with which it was supported, had brought Ireland very near to civil war by 1914.

There are plenty of explanations for the decline of political Liberalism in Britain. It may be that with the increasing power of organised labour there could not in any event be room for more than one major party of a substantially middle-class character. It may be, also, that Liberalism was in fact unfortunate in gaining in 1906 a parliamentary majority which was far in excess of any constructive programme which it possessed and that it was thus the more easily driven from one indefensible position to another. Its parliamentary strength, though reduced in 1910, was sufficient to retain it in office but it had too narrow a base, socially as well as intellectually, to withstand the strains and tensions of those years.—*Third Programme*

We have been asked to point out that the new direct air passenger service opened in April between London and Venice (referred to in *THE LISTENER* of May 3) is jointly run by British European Airways and Alitalia (Italian International Airlines).

NEWS DIARY

May 30-June 5

Wednesday, May 30

The Standard Motor Company announces that it will dismiss 2,600 workers at its tractor factory in Coventry

In the Birthday Honours Lord Hailey is appointed to the Order of Merit

The Minister of Housing and Local Government returns from a twelve-day visit to Russia where he has been studying mass-production methods of building

Thursday, May 31

In a speech in London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer repeats his warning of the danger of rising wages and prices

The engineering employers state that they will not concede any new wage claims at present

The directors of the Birmingham Small Arms Company announce that Sir Bernard Docker has ceased to be Chairman and Managing Director

Shop stewards of the Standard Motor Company's factories recommend workers to ask unions to call an immediate strike

Friday, June 1

Mr. Molotov resigns his post as Soviet Foreign Minister

The Governor of Cyprus imposes £40,000 fines on the Greek population of Famagusta as a punishment for terrorist activities there. In a speech at Norwich the Prime Minister defends the Government's policy in Cyprus

Saturday, June 2

The Governor of Cyprus leaves the island for consultations in London

French Prime Minister asks National Assembly for vote of confidence

Sunday, June 3

Seventeen men are arrested and arms are seized during large-scale operations against terrorists in Cyprus

Police open fire to break up riots in Bombay where Mr. Nehru was addressing a meeting

Third-class railway travel is abolished on British Railways where in future third-class carriages will be used as second class

Monday, June 4

Riots between Greek and Turkish Cypriots break out in Famagusta

Government decides to postpone action on divorce reform

France and west Germany reach agreement on the Saar

Tuesday, June 5

Prime Minister answers questions in Commons about Government's economic policy

President Tito begins talks with Soviet leaders in Moscow



President Tito of Yugoslavia photographed on his arrival in Moscow last Saturday for a three-weeks' State visit to the Soviet Union. With him are (centre) Marshal Voroshilov, the Soviet President, and Mr. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party



The scene after the unveiling of the Groesbeck war memorial in the two cloisters, bears the names of the German soldiers who died in the Low



Security forces in Cyprus setting up barbed-wire entanglements in Nicosia, last week, to separate the Greek and Turkish quarters of the city after the recent clashes between the two communities. On June 4 more riots broke out in Famagusta after a Turkish policeman had been found shot dead



One of a series of Research Establishments set up by the Government for the first laboratory where



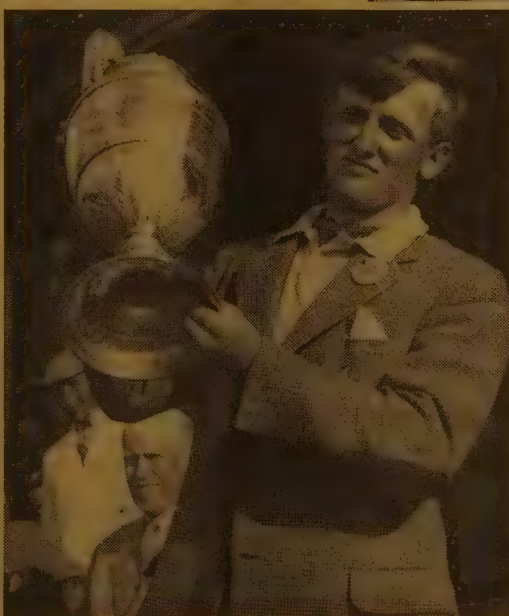
...e of Gloucester last Saturday of the
...nds. The memorial, in the form of
...who fell in the final advance into
...and who have no known grave



The Queen's official birthday was celebrated on May 31 with the traditional Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade, London. This photograph shows Her Majesty taking the salute as the Guards marched past the gates of Buckingham Palace after the ceremony



...raphs taken inside the Atomic Energy
...Harwell when it was opened to the
...st week: a maintenance worker in a
...dioactive material is handled, wearing
...suit' for protection



Left: eighteen-year-old John Beharrell, who won the British Amateur Golf Championship at Troon, Ayrshire, last Saturday, with the trophy. He is the youngest player ever to win the championship



Three competitors in the annual run last Sunday of the Southern Veteran Cycle Club from Ripley, Surrey, arriving in Hyde Park. All the fifty cycles taking part were at least forty years old

Left: Rock Hopper penguins, sent back by the British scientific expedition to Gough Island in the South Atlantic, being given a bath on their arrival at the London Zoo last week

After Freud—II

The Challenge of Psycho-analysis

By EMANUEL MILLER

PERHAPS one of the most potent ways in which a man's influence is felt lies in the way words are added to current language—words, that is, which have an application right outside the activity with which he is immediately and personally concerned. This is especially likely to happen in psychology. Here, a new discovery is a new discovery about our minds and our behaviour, and we take readily to new words if they help us to talk about ourselves with a new insight. Psycho-analysis is a subject which has provided many new words, whether they come directly from Freud himself or indirectly from his early associates. Moreover, Freud came at a time when our culture was ripening for a change. By the turn of the century the theory of evolution had given man an entirely new idea of his place in nature. He was glad to have new words in his everyday language with which to describe himself. Let me give some examples.

'Wishful Thinking'

The phrase 'wishful thinking' seems to us now a perfectly natural one. In fact, it is adapted from Freud's theory of dreams; and unlike many other words which have been adapted from Freud, it is used by us in a way not far removed from the intention Freud gave to it. From his analysing of dreams, both his own and other people's, Freud concluded that when we dream we fulfil longings which we would hardly want to talk about while we are awake. These longings, it is true, can help to shape our actions or to make our hopes seem more real, but it is mainly in dreams and day-dreams that we realise them. It is longings of just the same kind which we express when we do some 'wishful thinking'. Our longings seem to become more real when they enter actual thinking which finally shapes our behaviour.

Another term we frequently hear used is 'complex'. If we want to describe, or indeed criticise, our own or other people's behaviour, we sometimes find the phrase 'inferiority complex' very convenient; and when we use it we are tacitly accepting Freud's view that at some depth in the mind, usually too deep to be known to us, there is a group of emotionally charged ideas which indirectly affect our conduct. These deeply felt ideas usually derive from some childhood situation which still bothers us; so that the term 'inferiority complex' is not always accurately employed, but we find it a useful weapon for criticising and accounting for some deficiency of character.

Again, suppose our companion at the dinner table seems particularly reserved. We may be inclined to account for this by talking about a 'repression'. But this is not more than a convenient half-truth to those who are not initiated in the full subtlety of the term. A repression is usually an unconscious process and not, as popularly regarded, a deliberate and conscious manner of blotting out thought or 'reserving', as it were, parts of ourselves.

Another word, 'fixation', is often popularly misused or confused with what should be called simply 'a fixed idea' or even a prejudice. This sort of misuse is on a level with the way in which people nowadays talk about 'being allergic to'. Freud, however, used the word 'fixation' to explain some aspects of character in terms of certain attitudes and emotional dispositions which remain still at a childhood level in an adult person—attitudes that have not yet been outlived and are therefore arresting the development of the person. We are thus using this word 'fixation' very loosely when we try to condemn someone's character with it.

Since Freud, a new depth of meaning has been acquired by the word 'conflict'. This had been used for a long time by moralists to refer to a conscious struggle between rival motives. But now, even in common parlance, it also means a state of stress or anxiety set up by forces not fully understood or defined.

We could not use these terms unless in effect we accepted the fundamental part of Freudian theory which is contained in the single word the 'unconscious'. Whenever we use this word we allow that there must be something more in our minds than we would like to admit, and that this word 'unconscious' covers that realm of the mind which is the reservoir, or rather the pressure chamber, of the impulses and

emotions which have been developing since childhood, and of experiences which we have presumably forgotten all about. The word was there before Freud gave it a special meaning in his theory: it used to denote simply the state of suspended awareness following, say, a blow on the head, a fainting attack, or some disorder in the structure of the brain. But now it has come to mean in addition an active mental agency of great power.

These are examples of the way in which psycho-analysis has enriched our discourse; but when we use these words loosely, as we are inclined to do, real misconceptions arise which have nothing to do with the theory itself. We use the words as a sort of short cut, or even as a kind of shorthand which subsequently becomes difficult to decipher: and in due course our usage begins to distort them. This is the penalty which Freud has had to pay for having terms to which he gave a technical meaning adopted into current speech. Words which convey a new idea soon get used as figures of speech and become thoroughly ambiguous, and many terms coined by Freud have recoiled on him like a boomerang to the discredit of his theories. Nevertheless, a new element from the Freudian workshop has entered into our mental atmosphere through our language.

I have been pointing out that we have been deeply touched by Freud's ideas because, by accepting his terms into our language, we cannot help accepting, in some measure, his ideas. But it would be extravagant to say that Freud has been generally accepted; indeed, his views have occasioned alarm, ridicule, and stiff opposition. This is because they seem to assault entrenched traditions regarding family life, education, religion, and the nature and origin of the arts. Indeed, Freud would have been surprised if his searching discoveries had been eagerly embraced. He would have said that it was in the nature of our repressions and the defences we put up against our so-called lower nature to reject these insights of his. Some of his supporters would have called this mere prejudice on our part, but that would be to beg the whole question at issue.

Roots of Conduct in the Soil of Family Life

Psycho-analysis is a technique for exploring and laying bare the mind with a frankness which far surpasses the religious confessional. One of the things which it has shown most clearly is that the roots of conduct lie in the soil of family life, in the early years when the infant is in close relation to its mother and has to be moulded into the shape ordained by society. Everyone knows without reference to Freud that the human infant, literally from birth, has to be regulated just as much as it has to be loved and protected from harmful influences. The little bundle of needs and pleasure-seeking is moulded by mother or nurse, and later by the father, to fit in with the prevailing culture. The parents themselves are the willing and indeed the compulsory carriers of this culture; for they themselves have been moulded in just the same way and feel themselves morally bound, as it were, to perpetuate the habits and values which society has bequeathed to them. I say 'morally bound' deliberately. 'Train up a child in the way he *should* go', says the Book of Proverbs. There is a sort of morality even in feeding and in the regulation and training of the bodily functions; in fact, our moral notions, so Freud claims, make their first practical impact in the training of the very young child. His view, which seems to have been confirmed by study of children when at play, was that the first school is (or should be) the primary school of body regulation in an atmosphere of love and security. In this the child plays its part both willingly and unwillingly. Its inborn instincts demand love and satisfaction, but aggressiveness and opposition are tangled up in this period of learning and training. The child does not like coercion but it will and must yield in some degree. Love, security, and a measure of indulgence help the child to yield and yet to learn at the same time.

It is this conception of the early interplay of love and hostility in upbringing which has aroused opposition to Freud. It seems to demolish the cosy belief that the baby is all innocence and the parent all love and protectiveness. Indeed, the Oedipus complex, which Freud regarded

as a central and irreducible pattern of family life, is the area which has aroused the greatest opposition. This pattern—of mother, father, and child—is strung, as it were, upon the loom of the love and hostility which the child feels towards its parents. It is out of the love and rivalry that children of either sex feel towards their parents that emerge their future love life and future personal relations in marriage and society. Freud held that this dramatic issue was not only disclosed in psycho-analysis of both neurotic and so-called normal people, but was illustrated widely in the fairy tales of widely separated cultures, in the forbidding rules and rituals of simpler or savage communities, in the themes of the great tragic writers, in the basic symbols of the world religions.

This is one of Freud's most disturbing and impressive ideas. It suggests, does it not, that our upbringing of children since primitive times, and in all places, somehow involves emotional liabilities as well as assets, and if we are to achieve happiness we must examine this profit and loss account. As a later talk in this series will show, anthropologists and sociologists do not accept this story of human development in its entirety, but the disclosures have shaken us up and Freud's influence is shown by the questions that parents and nurses and educationists ask themselves and one another. How should we train the babe and the toddler and the schoolchild so that his basic needs are gratified and at the same time he is brought up to conform to the cultural standards of society? How can we hope to assimilate and to apply the new ideas about the undertones of family feelings and attachments without upsetting the ingrained habits and loyalties upon which our present society rests? The process is a slow educational one, an adjustment which Freud never hoped would be achieved without time and indeed pain.

A Misunderstanding

It is a complete misunderstanding to say that according to Freud all inhibitions should be removed. The child in some respects requires to be guided and supported in controlling his turbulent instincts, and this must be the concern of teachers as well as parents. As a result of Freud's impact, modern nurseries and nursery schools have become laboratories for testing out his theories about the value of freedom as against rigidity and compulsion, and about the profound influence of love in helping a child to learn, to accept, and to develop in an atmosphere favourable both to its own nature and to society. He has shown that the unhappiness of children and the disorders in their conduct are a consequence of the lack of insight which parents show as a result of their own upbringing.

This compromise between what can be called natural law and an orderly sympathetic control gives to the child a pattern of behaviour. This pattern persists when the child comes to pass at least a part of its daily life outside its family circle in the nursery school and the ordinary school. The Freudian psychology has demonstrated that our emotional life is continuous. Consequently, any problems of early training and parent-child relations which remain unsolved will be felt afterwards when the child goes to school. In the past the intelligence was the only part of the child's equipment which preoccupied teachers. Even before Freud, Rousseau, Froebel, and Montessori demanded that the whole child must be considered in terms of its natural needs.

One effect of Freud's teaching was the so-called free-from-discipline school. This school regarded Freud's teaching as simply a plea for liberation and was a violent swing of the pendulum away from the old, strict school, which insisted on rigidly imparting what was thought to be socially essential—that is, the three R's and the elements of discipline. In this free-from-discipline type of school it seemed as if Freud meant that 'go as you please' in behaving and in learning was the way to freedom and that thereby all obstacles to harmonious development were removed. This was a travesty of psycho-analytic teaching, which attempts to show that only by realising the child's inner needs and emotional entanglements could we help it to achieve mastery over its basic drives, and that these basic drives could be turned to educational and social ends.

The real effect of Freud on education was to stimulate an interest in formerly neglected aspects of child development and to show how, with removal of emotional conflicts by understanding and affection and regard, the child could accept an ordered existence for its own advantage in learning and in social adaptation. When a child moves from home to school it carries with it its conceptions of love and authority and its fears for its own security. School teachers have now come to see that they are not only instructors but in a sense parent substitutes who can impart knowledge and be esteemed and accepted by the children

only if they are good substitutes. Children, as Freud has shown, do not resent order—they want it and need it. The nervous system itself has evolved for the orderly adaptation of the basic instincts. Intelligence is pre-eminently an instrument for discovering and imposing orderliness on the world. Emotional chaos cannot provide true biological satisfaction. What psycho-analysis has helped educationists to see is that a favourable and orderly emotional environment is necessary for the acquisition of knowledge. School teachers have learnt that apathy in learning and rebellion and exhibitionism in the classroom are not always due just to innate backwardness or original sin. For example, we can now understand how a child may be a truant simply because it has brought to school a residue of discontent and insecurity from its home. Punishment is as necessary as ever. But teachers are better able to judge whether a child is likely to benefit from it or to suffer from it.

Education in its Original Meaning

This new insight into the emotional needs of the child has brought a new attitude to the teaching of arts and crafts, which are no longer merely encouraged for idle hands but for fingers ready to turn aggression to constructive and enjoyable ends. Through the new psychological attitude the term 'education' reverts to its original meaning, a drawing out of inborn capacities which may have been stifled in the asphyxiating atmosphere of the unhappy home, or a home where the parents were carrying over to their children their own unsolved problems.

Freud, indeed, had much to say about artistic creation. I cannot here go into Freud's theory about it: I might just say that it is really an elaboration of the view which is as old as Coleridge, that poetic inspiration, for example, derives from deeper sources than everyday awareness. Fantasy and symbol seem to spring from a deeper region of the soul, and the poet surprises us by bringing up the unmined gold in all of us. Perhaps the most striking application of this theory can be seen in the prose of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, with its free association of ideas and feelings, and the loose stream of consciousness.

But literature has borrowed from Freudian theory more explicitly than this. The best example is biography which, indirectly at least, has moved away from the simple narrative of a great life into an examination of the sources of personality. Letters, the artist's work, and the peculiarities in personal relationships are the material for its inference. For psycho-analysis is *par excellence* biography in depth, moving through the dimension of the unconscious. Through this tracing of the personality to its sources, the child has come into its own. After a long interval since Wordsworth and Blake the influence of childhood struggles have engaged the minds of Marcel Proust and Stephen Hudson. In this sense we realise the truth of the expression, 'the child is the father of the man', and that we do not rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves but on a still living and tangled past.

—Home Service

My Humble Friend

My faithful spaniel, simple friend, is dead.
He was afraid and hid from death impending
Under the table; but at the short sad ending
Lifted again towards me his poor head . . .

O humble friend of man, so gladly sharing
Your master's wanderings once, now fare you well!
Did not another pilgrim-dog go faring
With young Tobias and Saint Raphael?

Dear slave of mine, with faith as deep and serious
The Saints love God. Your trusting, loving eyes
Shame my poor faith. Still lives your mind mysterious,
I know, in some glad peaceful paradise.

* * *

O God, my master, should I gain the grace
To see Thee face to face when life is ended,
Grant that a little dog, who once pretended
That I was god, may see me face to face.

B. C. BOULTER after the French of FRANCIS JAMMES

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Freud and Copernicus

Sir,—In his letter to you Dr. Ernest Jones writes:

Among the many misstatements of fact in Mr. Nigel Walker's broadcast may be singled out one in which he asserts that Freud 'regarded himself as the Copernicus of the mind . . .'

Before writing to you, he had privately asked me for references to justify my 'offensively personal sentence'. I referred him to pages 351-56 of Vol. IV and to page 173 of Vol. V of the *Collected Papers*, and have subsequently found yet a third passage in Lecture XVIII of the *Introductory Lectures*.

Dr. Jones' letter summarises the first of these passages quite fairly; but he tries to defend Freud against any suspicion of conceit by drawing a very fine distinction between 'a personal comparison' and a comparison of the effects of the two revolutions in thought.

I had no intention of imputing undue conceit to Freud, and I am sorry if anything in my talk gave the impression of hostility to him. My excuse must be that I regard dispassionate appraisal as a higher compliment than indiscriminating adulation, and since the analogy between Freud and Copernicus has become a *cliché* of his admirers I took it as my text. My historical approach may have given me a more detached view of Freud's place in science than is possible for someone who stood so close to him as Dr. Jones, but I am distressed to find my tribute mistaken for an insult.

In his two letters to me Dr. Jones made no mention of any other of the 'many misstatements of fact', and in his letter to you he gives only one highly debatable example.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh NIGEL WALKER

Canadian Notes and Impressions

Sir,—It was sad to be a Canadian listening to Mr. Priestley's broadcast impressions of Canada. The English impression of life in Canada is rather odd, and Mr. Priestley has on the whole added to the general misconception and muddled view—carefully protecting himself from criticism by labelling his impressions as superficial.

Superficial they were indeed. Canada is a complex country, difficult of comprehension even by Canadians. I know of no country, in fact, where the visitor is more easily misled by what he sees with his eyes. The question of our 'Americanisation' is one aspect of this. We are Americanised in the sense that Scotland is Anglicised. It is true that our drug stores, restaurants, habits of eating (though not, for the acute ear, of speech) are similar to those south of the border. A parallel case exists in Scotland, but surely few Englishmen assume that the attitudes and interests of the two peoples, Scots and English, are identical.

Our Puritanism (including our attitude to drink) is largely part of our Nonconformist, middle-class British heritage, and I am mildly surprised that Mr. Priestley should not have recognised this attitude. On the whole, I do not think that Canadian drinking legislation and practice is any more curious than is the situation in Britain.

On the arts, Mr. Priestley has us cold. It is quite true that more money should be spent on

the arts in Canada. I understand that the situation is the same in Britain. However, in Canada we make visible progress. A great deal has happened in the years since the war. The federal and provincial governments, universities and colleges have all established grants and scholarships in all fields of the arts. The Government is also using European blocked funds to send eminent Canadians abroad for study. The scheme is open to artists, writers, scientists, and research workers; there is no age limit, and one of these fellowships will keep a professor and his family in France for a year in modest comfort. In addition, industry and sport are beginning to act in an almost Renaissance manner as patrons of the arts; the most generous scholarships in music are provided by the Canadian Hockey Association.

Our collections of painting are increasing yearly in interest; most of the large cities have active art galleries and working centres of art. It is a pity that Mr. Priestley did not apparently have time to see the Vancouver Art Gallery, one of the most modern in the country. (The University of British Columbia has a school of architecture which has produced some of the most imaginative and satisfactory modern building on the continent.)

Mr. Priestley's Vancouver industrialist, however, was not incorrect in saying that our energies are still being taken up by the building of the country. Since the war our population has increased by 25 per cent. The obvious result of this is that a great deal of public money has gone in the building of new schools, hospitals, roads, and gigantic schemes like the St. Lawrence Sea-Way. It is, I think, in the end a question of insight; one can look at a country like Canada and see it trailing Europe in the matter of culture, or one can see it jumping and bursting with its own manner of artistic development.

There are one or two minor inaccuracies I should like to correct. Mr. Priestley referred to the totem-pole carvers on the west coast as the Potlatch Indians. This is like speaking of the English as the Beef Eaters, for the potlatch is a tribal custom (now very rare) of the Haida Indians. Anthropologists, incidentally, link the Haida Indian carvings to those found in Polynesia.

Mr. Priestley says that if he were a Canadian he would be buying the Eskimo carvings. Perhaps he would like to know that we do; we are buying them as fast as they are produced. The carvings are brought out from the north each spring by a government anthropologist and artist; sales are held in Montreal. So crowded are these sales, so thick with museum directors and New York dealers, that it is difficult for the average Canadian to get his hands on a good carving. It is, however, the Eskimo who is hardest pressed by this situation. The Eskimo population is small, and though they spend the whole of the long winter night in carving, they still cannot keep up with the demand. It was rather pleasant last year, however, to see that two of the most interesting pieces of sculpture in the spring exhibition of the Montreal Art Gallery were listed in the catalogue as having come from Eskimos living on Baffin Island.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 MARJORY WHITELAW

Linguistic Techniques in Politics

Sir,—It seems that Mr. Drummond in his letter (THE LISTENER, May 31) has overlooked the points in modern philosophers' linguistic techniques which is really fatal to political as well as moral thought.

There is nothing objectionable if the statement that 'the moral basis of democratic political theory is neither self-evident nor demonstrable' means only what Mr. Drummond takes it to mean. Of course, nothing could be more obvious, but modern philosophers have an assumption which makes the statement mean something more. They assume that whatever is neither self-evident nor demonstrable is nonsense. Professor Ayer, on page 54 of his *Language, Truth, and Logic*, quotes with approval the following passage from David Hume, to whom all modern philosophers acknowledge their debt.

If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysic, for instance; let us ask, does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity and number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.

It is this assumption which makes the statement in question something more than a mere statement of fact—an imperative, which demands us to commit our 'texts of Locke or Marx' to the flames. Herein lies the element of modern linguistic technique which is so destructive of all moral and political thought.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

I. ANSARI

The Man of Action in Modern Society

Sir,—If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. So wrote Gibbon in famous and familiar words, and despite the degrading effects of a slavery which was slowly being made more humane but could never be tolerable, and despite the persistence of such brutalities as were displayed in the gladiatorial arena, there remains a certain plausibility in his words.

Certainly the Roman Empire gave to a wider portion of the world a longer period of virtually uninterrupted peace than has ever been known, with the possible but doubtful exception of some episodes in the history of China. This it was which the elder Pliny called 'the immeasurable majesty of the Roman peace'. The secret of this long period lay in the fostering of a double loyalty. On the one hand each individual was a member and eventually a citizen of what was to him a world-wide community, the Roman Empire. On the other he was an intensely responsible member of the community of his own locality. What the Romans in general set out to break down was that intermediate loyalty which, in the form of nationalism, has bedevilled European politics during the past century. Where it existed, as in the Conference of all the Gauls held at Lyons, they set out to transmute it into higher loyalty towards the Empire as a whole. Sir Basil Embry's talk (THE LISTENER, May 17) leads me to think that our

ends today are closely similar. He pleads for decentralisation, but that alone is over-simplification.

The world is becoming inescapably what Wendell Willkie called it—'One World'—and we are increasingly encountering situations which reflect that fact. The great problems of our day, the mass illiteracy, the malnutrition which affects the majority of human beings, can be solved only by corporate action, and that means centralisation. But we do well to be aware that the concentration of immense power in the hands of a comparatively few people, which centralisation always involves, is in itself dangerous. 'Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely'. We also do well to be aware, as Sir Basil is, that the whole system is ultimately directed to the good of individuals, and individuals cannot achieve their full destiny unless they have room for genuine responsibility and initiative. Hence, I believe, we must simultaneously follow two apparently though not really conflicting courses, towards a more effective centralisation and a more responsible decentralisation.—Yours, etc.,

Thames Ditton

JOHN FERGUSON

The Problem of England's Canals

Sir,—It is Professor Rich who delivers a 'diatribe', not I. I was correcting errors of fact, and lamenting highly tendentious conclusions based upon them.

I must now correct another error. It is quite untrue that England ever had 'over 2,000 miles of navigable rivers'.

Professor Rich will not be able to cite any other case of the term 'Stroudwater Canal' being used to define the entire route between the Severn and the Thames. The Stroudwater Canal was open to traffic in 1931.

Professor Rich's remarks concerning the Kennet and Avon carried the strong implication that the waterway was not worth retaining. In judging what is now a topical question, your readers are entitled to know the very unsatisfactory circumstances in which the poor condition of that waterway came about.

Professor Rich's 'historic present' may be left to the judgement of those readers.

We continue to hope that such a destructive commentary upon our subject may be followed by something more up to date and encouraging.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ROBERT AICKMAN

Founder and Vice-President,
Inland Waterways Association

Industrial Design and the Common User

Sir,—I feel genuinely sorry for Mr. Pinsent's hypothetical desert-island potter, and his equally hypothetical weld-trimmer. Both, apparently, have such sub-human mental abilities that they cannot think of more than one thing at a time. The potter has to stop loving his wife while he throws the clay, the weld-trimmer cares little for his pieces, but apparently does not compensate by, say, meditating on his latter end, muttering poetry to himself, or excogitating a move in chess—all of which I myself achieved while operating a vertical milling machine, and thus had neither time nor inclination to treat the product as a joke.

It is clear that Mr. Pinsent has little conception of the real mental attitudes of workers in flow-production plant today, and indeed, he reveals himself completely out of touch with probabilities throughout—even his hypothetical castaways belong to another world than that which I inhabit, for in more than one marriage I know, including my own, the wife has school or art-school experience of throwing pottery which the husband does not possess, so that the

couple's chances of survival would be greatly reduced if the wife stood round not cooking while the husband learned to pot. And what is all this about the 'injustice of the conveyor belt'? Supposing that what Mr. Pinsent means is the production line, this can only be unjust to persons who imagine that they have some absolute right to see a job through from raw material to finished product. My own experience suggests that there can be very real psychological rewards, if labour relations are good, in the competitive working against the clock that flow-production induces, just as there is a certain vulgar satisfaction in knocking down these irrelevancies which Mr. Pinsent has dragged into the argument. A careful reading of his letter shows that he still asserts (a) that the consumer is not the first person to be consulted in matters of product design, and (b) that aesthetics ought to exist *in vacuo*, untouched by humane studies such as economics or politics. He is simply reasserting the assertions he made in his previous letter, and as far as I am concerned the correspondence is closed.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

REYNER BANHAM

[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

Celebrating the Buddha Jayanti

Sir,—Some strange characters have found their way into the Catholic hagiology—notably St. Philomena, who never existed at all, though the pious Curé of Ars worked a number of miracles through her intercession, a sort of saintly Mrs. 'Arris. But there have been few stranger canonisations than that of the Indian mystic, Gautama. No mention is made of this in your interesting talk on the Buddha Jayanti (THE LISTENER, May 31).

Early in the seventh century there circulated among the Christians a pious romance entitled *Barlaam and Josaphat*, which was attributed in the next century to St. John of Damascus. In this curious piece of propaganda, Buddha (who in the course of time became Bodisat, then Josaphat, and finally 'Holy St. Josaphat of India') is represented as a Hindu prince converted to Christianity by Barlaam. He was canonised by Sixtus V in 1589; the canonisation was approved by Pius IX in 1873; and his feast-day is observed on November 14. An odd avatar surely for a Hindu mystic who had never heard of Christ and who did not believe in a personal God.

Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Disappearing Words

Sir,—I was not in error about what Mr. Sparrow really thought about the continued currency of 'knocking off = cease work'—only in surprised doubt, which the context and verbatim quotation in THE LISTENER (May 10) failed to resolve. Whatever he really thought, he was misleading, I think.

I share his interest in the word 'knocking off', and hate to see him abandon his theory that 'knock' is related to 'notch' (in a candle), simply because some dull fellow reckons 'notch' collected an 'n' from the indefinite article. There is more in my comment than his scorn for 'slang' allows for.

If his 'knock = notch' theory is false, it really is extraordinary that we have:

- (a) 'nick' quoted (perhaps erroneously), by some dictionaries at least, as a variant of 'notch'
- (b) 'notch' being related to the old Dutch *noth*
- (c) 'knocking off = stealing'
- (d) 'nicking = stealing'

What makes the coincidence even more fascinat-

ing is the exact flavour of the term 'nicking', which has a narrower meaning than stealing. Boys who go 'knocking off' or 'nicking' go into places such as shops, where the whole art depends on speed and dexterity as soon as the lucky moment presents itself. Success depends entirely on the operation being conducted in 'the nick of time'.

It is proper to make academic distinction between dialect and slang, but the distinction is academic. Slang is not only an occasional creator of virile new language; sometimes it has a longer memory than all the libraries and makes a shrewder intuitive analysis than all the etymologists.

Yours, etc.,

Purley

M. J. MORONEY

Sir,—I am beginning to suspect that many more dialect words and even so-called archaisms are still common currency than seems to be generally believed. I was recently surprised to notice, for instance, that my dictionary describes 'thou' and 'thee' as being 'now arch. or poet. exc. in addressing God'—surprised because I have heard them used, with grammatical propriety equal to that of any poet or divine, and with a good deal less self-consciousness, by eleven-year-old boys in a Huddersfield playground. Perhaps the vitality of dialect words is underestimated because they are, by their very nature, most freely used in just the sort of workaday situation—coal-heaving, gardening, family argument—that tends to exclude the studious and philologically minded. Within the last week alone, my ex-Yorkshire landlady has employed at least four expressions unmentioned in previous correspondence:

Crating: crying

Reasty: rancid

Snap: a workman's packed lunch

Wittling: worrying

and I daresay she is conversant with many more.

To my mind, the most striking characteristic of words of this type—and particularly of those describing people or their actions—is their wealth of implicit meaning, a quality lacking in Standard English equivalents. Thus the full meaning of 'wittling' is really nothing less than 'a persistent nagging and bodily restlessness caused by acute anxiety'; and similarly 'crating' strongly connotes a deliberate effort, usually by a child, to exploit the nuisance value of its crying—'He only does it to annoy because he knows it teases'. As for the inimitable 'mardy'—a word any poet might relish—I have heard it used, in descriptions of people, weather, and even a refractory fire, with such subtle variation of meaning that I am convinced no adequate synonym exists.

Some few years ago a talk appeared in THE LISTENER giving details of a proposed national survey, by trained peripatetic workers, of the very subject under discussion: current regional dialect. It would be interesting to know if the project has been completed, since its findings must obviously be more valuable and conclusive than the piecemeal comments—however interesting *per se*—of individual observers.—Yours, etc.,

Hucknall

JOHN V. FREEMAN

Sir,—In my native Derbyshire the verb 'mizzle' is widely used, normally in the past tense. I fancy, however, that it should be spelt 'misled' and that people elsewhere pronounce the word unknowingly as having two distinct syllables.

My grandfather used the word 'mizzle' to describe the weather in the sense that Mr. Sparrow suggests (a mixture of mist and drizzle) and very descriptive it is of the rain in the Derbyshire hills.

Yours, etc.,

Ross-on-Wye

R. C. CLARK

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

THE Rodin bronzes at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's and the Barbara Hepworth carvings at Gimpel Fils challenge the critic because they so ferociously challenge each other. 'Make up your mind', they seem to say, 'about our relative merits (which obviously contradict each other yet still remain merits) and you will have made up your mind about the old Classic-Romantic controversy. We shall then, all of us, know where we stand'.

Unfortunately, what the critic does make up, on such occasions, is certainly not his mind. My own mind tends to reject the images by which Rodin strove to communicate the uneasy enthusiasms of his immortal soul: and it tends to accept, with reservations, Miss Hepworth's carefully fashioned images. They have the polished, ponderous, self-contained beauty of dowagers. 'Observe', they say, 'our well-groomed but extremely subtle amplitude and contrast it, favourably, with the neurotic posturings of Rodin's "Burghers of Calais" or the unruly crowd of figures that gathers round his "Porte de l'Enfer"'. Do we congregate, gibbering, round the doors of Hell? Certainly not. We are eternal. Our conflicts, if any, are between boss and hollow, angle and curve, tension and relaxation'.

O.K., Miss Hepworth. But at that point my mind retires and gives way to my emotions and I discover that Rodin, for all his sentimental rhetoric, moves me profoundly while Miss Hepworth, despite her steady pursuit of ultimate, archetypal beauty, moves me only mildly. What she does has never been done better. What Rodin did Michelangelo often did much better. A 'Femme Accroupie' by Rodin screws herself up into a complex pattern of limbs and muscles as she clutches her ankle in a moment of surprise. The 'Thinker' chews ferociously at his knuckles in an attempt to solve life's awful problems on the threshold of the Portals of Hell. Miss Hepworth's 'Curved Form' (No. 7) has solved all problems and has arrived in an abstract heaven. I admire her solution, but I begin to love and to be enthralled by Rodin's agonised failure to solve anything. Does that prove me an old-fashioned nineteenth-century romantic? Or has Miss Hepworth been left behind, with Mondrian, in a pocket of classicism that occurred earlier in the century, while we (myself included) have moved on into a neo-Romantic age that makes Rodin once more acceptable?

Two other sculptors' exhibitions, Peter King at Gallery One, now in d'Arblay Street behind the Academy Cinema, and Michael Werner at the Obelisk Gallery in Crawford Street, both incline towards neo-Romanticism. Peter King's little bronze figures, like so many of Rodin's, congregate round the Gate of Hell. They are the result of pondering upon the first few cantos

of Dante's 'Inferno' and, despite their cavalier treatment of human anatomy, they, too, are human images of restlessness and unsolved problems.

A less sharp cleavage between Classicism and Romanticism can be observed by visiting, in succession, the anthology of contemporary Eng-

lish painting at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery and the one-man show of paintings by Brianchon at Tooth's. Here the cleavage is national rather than temperamental. There is no need for a detailed description of the Jeffress anthology. It is fairly catholic but the outstanding exhibits in it are the uneasy, mysterious images, romantic because they seem to mean more than appears on the surface, like the 'Petite Afrique' by Graham Sutherland or the intensely felt little landscape by Alan Reynolds.

All this is familiar enough. Brianchon, at Tooth's, is not. As in the case of Barbara Hepworth, we are faced with examples of mild perfection. Everything that the more amiable side of the Ecole

de Paris has invented during the past forty years—the glow of Bonnard, the muted harmonies of Vuillard, the exquisite taste of Braque, the brave patterns of Matisse—come together in Brianchon. He sums it all up, effortlessly. Nothing ever means more than appears on the surface. And the surface is so completely charming that, for once, charm is enough. Of no romantic artists—and therefore of almost no English artist—could that be said.

At the I.C.A. Gallery, an exhibition of contemporary Venetian paintings has been assembled partly to point the moral that in Italy, unlike any other European country, each of the larger cities lives its own cultural life; and partly to show what Venice can do. The exhibition is rather too small for the latter purpose, especially as, on the opening day, the contributions, by Santomaso, the best known of today's Venetian painters, had not arrived. Emilio Vedova's turbulent abstracts—visual equivalents of a very good brass band—and Bruno Saetti's monumental figures in fresco dominate the exhibition.

At the Tea Centre, an exhibition of Nigerian Arts and Crafts contains some of the finest beadwork head-dresses that primitive civilisations have produced. If 'Arts' (as opposed to Crafts) consist of whatever is aesthetic rather than functional in intention, the exhibition contains hardly any art at all. Yet it is fascinating and much of it is strikingly beautiful. What interests me is that the first impact of European culture in Nigeria made Nigerians ashamed of the brave barbaric things that delight the European eye: but that a later wave of local patriotism is now reinstating the old crafts, even though a typewriter is still, to Nigerian eyes, more wonderful and more magical than a carved mask for a ritual dance.



'Femme Accroupie', by Rodin, from the exhibition at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's



'Curved Form (Delphi)', by Barbara Hepworth, from the exhibition at Gimpel Fils

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Before Victoria. By Muriel Jaeger.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

IT HAS BEEN RECOGNISED for some time, Lytton Strachey notwithstanding, that 'Victorianism' did not begin with Victoria: indeed, of his own *Eminent Victorians*, Thomas Arnold began his life's work at Rugby when Victoria was a little girl at Kensington, and died in 1842, when his sovereign was only just passing from under the influence of the un-Victorian Melbourne to that of Albert the Good. This being accepted, historians began to seek the origins and causes of the growth of Puritanism and prudery further back, to ascribe it to fears of 'the rabble' of the French revolution and the industrial revolution, which forced the rulers of society to invent means of keeping the working class down and incidentally to reform their own manners.

Miss Jaeger's lively book shows that this explanation will not do either, for the simple reason that the movement had begun well before the first thunderclap in France and long before the first serious riots against machinery and high prices. She is right in opening her story with Wilberforce, Cobbett's arch-fiend; Wilberforce was converted to Evangelical Christianity in 1785 (considerably to Pitt's distress), and founded the Society which later became the Society for the Suppression of Vice in 1787. Hannah More, the 'archbishop in petticoats', who may well be paired with Wilberforce, though she was more than a dozen years older, published (anonymously) her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great* immediately after the foundation of the Society. Next year the two reformers had a long meeting while taking the waters at Bath, and shortly afterwards the lady began her long series of improving tracts for the poor, in which serious cause she was followed by such writers as Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Sherwood, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau—also, though outside the scope of this book, by Mrs. Gatty and Charlotte Yonge.

Miss Jaeger has made out her case as far as timing is concerned. What she does not do, though the dust-cover promises it, is to explain 'what happened in the lives and minds of individuals to make them turn away . . . to the prison of narrow conventionality and repression'. Maybe it is never possible satisfactorily to explain religious revivals, to do more than note their occurrence; but it may be suggested that Miss Jaeger has underestimated the influence of Wesley spreading upwards—she is rather over-contemptuous of the Countess of Huntingdon. More perceptive is her remark that Wilberforce and the Clapham Sect may have come just in time to save the Church of England—from perishing within in face of the Methodist tempest; the influence of the revival was very much stronger in the north than in the south, where the characters in her book were mostly domiciled; yet even so the three days of the Gordon Riots (1780) may well have contributed to some severe re-thinking on the part of those who called themselves Christians.

Interesting also is the gradual development of the new puritanism, which did not attain to the heights of 'Victorianism' until well after the period with which this book is concerned. A good deal of it was formalist, concentrating on verbal purity and the observance of the Sabbath—for which, ridiculous as were some of its manifestations, there was a little more to be said in rational defence than Miss Jaeger allows. Doubt about 'the theatre' was endemic in England right up to the beginning of this cen-

tury; and there was no particular puritanism about dress; it was not until long afterwards that table-legs wore drawers. 'Strong drink is a mocker' seems to have had no special appeal; the worst horrors of Gin Lane had been put down by mid-century legislation, and teetotalism, imported from America, was yet to come. On private morals, the standard set was patchy, to say the least, though Miss Jaeger is mistaken in thinking that the Londoners' enthusiasm for Queen Caroline had much to do with morals, on either side; it was a magnificent chance for the radicals to get their own back on a hated Government, to take revenge for the Six Acts and Peterloo. Real Victorianism was a long time a-growing.

Miss Jaeger tells her story through life-sketches of the principal characters, beginning with Wilberforce and Hannah More and ending, rather oddly, with 'two survivors', Melbourne and Peacock (who surely 'became a classic' long before the present generation?). She writes with a sub-acid vigour and competence; in the interests of scholarship it would have been desirable to give footnote references for some of her more dogmatic statements rather than some of the childish comments which are so included. Not all will agree with all her evaluations; but she has certainly opened up an entertaining subject of pleasant speculation.

The Outsider. By Colin Wilson.

Gollancz. 21s.

The subtitle of this outstanding book by a man of only twenty-four is 'An enquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in this mid-twentieth century'. That mankind is gravely ill the author has not the slightest doubt and his book is both a catalogue of symptoms and a search for a cure. The Outsider is a man who has seen too much and too deeply to be able to fit himself into the insulated world of the bourgeois, 'or to accept what the bourgeois sees and touches as reality'. He has nothing in common with Eliot's hollow and stuffed men who lean together and make-do. 'He has found an "I" but it is not his true "I"', and his sole business has become 'to find his way back to himself'.

Taking Camus' work *L'Étranger* as his starting point and as a title, Mr. Colin Wilson conducts us on a long literary tour and shows us how other outsider writers have attempted to find a cure for mankind's sickness, rarely with any success. He surveys the various remedies suggested by Barbusse, Sartre, Hemingway, Herman Hesse, T. E. Lawrence, Nijinsky, Kafka, Rilke, Blake, H. G. Wells, and Dostoevsky, and pronounces them either useless or else worse than the disease they are supposed to cure. If Mr. Wilson's book contained nothing beyond this masterly survey of literature it would be well worth reading, but it is a book of far wider scope. It represents the search of a young man of great integrity and discernment for some higher purpose in life than mere living. What makes his work still more unusual is that, unlike Sartre, Samuel Beckett, and other hypochondriac outsiders of the St. Germain school, he avoids glorying in his own ill-health and actually wants to get well. He sees his sickness for what it is, a miserable and destructive form of spiritual paralysis.

What is the remedy for it? Mr. Wilson realises the need for some form of spiritual revival but of a much broader kind than that with which the Church would be able to provide us. Necessarily he becomes less precise when outlining the form this return to religion might take, but two

writers of very different temperament are of particular interest to him in this connection, Ramakrishna, the Hindu saint, who proclaimed the unity of all the great world faiths, and 'that strange man of genius George Gurdjieff'. Again this young man has shown astonishing insight. *The Outsider* is the most remarkable book upon which the reviewer has ever had to pass judgement. It is true that like many other young men, the author is occasionally guilty of making snap judgements such as that the late Bernard Shaw should be grouped with St. Augustine and Pascal amongst the religious thinkers, but such errors seem so trivial against the general background of this book that they are scarcely worthy of mention.

Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1924-1932

Edited with an introduction by

Margaret Cole. Longmans. 25s.

'I am of the old opinion still; I do not like human beings'. It is Beatrice herself speaking, and her detractors cannot be blamed if they accept the confession as clinching their case. But the remainder of this fascinating volume is in fact a sustained refutation of the charge. How much nicer is the Beatrice Webb who won't be called Lady Passfield than the hostess-cum-social-worker whose drawing-room was made into a kind of Second Chamber of the Left. The manager is less in evidence, the sympathetic (though still critical) observer counts for far more. It is still doubtful if either of the Webbs ever understood what made their constituents in Seaham Harbour tick, but the horrifying certainty that Altiora and Oscar Bailey know best what is good for humanity has been eroded by age and humility by the time this volume of the diaries opens. It is not only that there are recurrent guilt feelings about the *rentier* comforts which have fallen to their lot (and which the frontispiece to this edition etches with a sharpness that the original photographer can never have intended). More significant are the admissions of collective blame for the shortcomings of the two Labour Governments, however much of it may be siphoned off on to MacDonald or Snowden, and above all the confession that in face of the supreme challenge of unemployment the Webb formulae are as inadequate as anybody else's. 'Where I think we went seriously wrong in the Minority Report was in suggesting that we knew how to prevent unemployment. We did not'. There is even a good deal of defeatism: 'What I am beginning to doubt is the inevitability of gradualness'. And in conformity with the spirit of the age there is a constant anxiety about Britain's 'decadence', economic and otherwise.

But of course along with these doubts there was burgeoning throughout these years in Beatrice's un-agnostic soul a new certainty, a new faith. Perhaps the chief interest of this volume is the light it throws on the process by which the two chief architects and expositors of British social democracy became the prophets of Soviet Communism. In the mid-twenties there were no rosy-tinted illusions. 'We regard Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy as belonging to one and the same species of government'. Russian Communism and Italian Fascism are 'two sides of the worship of force and the practice of cruel intolerance'. But by 1930 the Russian ruling class is said to excel the Anglo-Saxon in 'sincerity in faith and zeal for public welfare'. By 1931 Communism is accepted as 'a beneficent experiment' and its claim to be a political democracy is received without question.

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G.B.S. may take some of the credit for the conversion, but Sokolnikoff, the Russian ambassador, probably deserves more. The growing intimacy of the Sokolnikoffs and Webbs, Beatrice's growing respect for their subfusc sincerity, her sympathy for them as the underdogs of the London diplomatic corps—all this comes out very clearly in her diary. By contrast poor Dwight Morrow, though 'the very best type of American public man', is 'not exactly attractive as a personality'—just as the U.S.A. as a whole, though recognised as a formidable phenomenon, only evokes her intense dislike. American democracy is at best only gangster politics. 'Civil war or forcible dictatorship' are the only alternatives the American future holds. The U.S.A., in fact, enlists not one iota of the critical curiosity that the Webbs applied with such energy to most of the other countries and causes of their time. It is an interesting commentary on what one may literally call the orientation of the British left between the wars.

World Population and Resources. A Report by PEP. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

The area of the earth's land surface is fixed and inextensible; the population continues to grow at an ever increasing rate. Such, in simplest terms, is the problem of land and people to which Malthus drew the attention of an astonished world in his famous *Essay on Population* of 1798. But he wrote when the vast possibilities of the American West were unknown and when Australia and New Zealand were little more than vague shapes on maps. It is small wonder that a century of expansion passed before Sir William Crookes in his presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1898 returned to the same theme and ventured to predict possible famine for the world's wheat eaters by the nineteen-thirties unless science came to the rescue. Science did come to the rescue, with artificial fertilisers and the development of plant genetics. Now, fifty years later, it would seem that science, or its application to food production, is failing to keep pace with population. Two-thirds, possibly three-quarters of the people of the world, says the report, subsist on diets inadequate for full health and happiness, and an overnight increase of 25 per cent. in the world's availability of foodstuffs would do no more than just raise the average diet to clinical efficiency.

Knowledge and practice of death-control have outpaced knowledge and practice of birth-control so that in many countries crude death rates have fallen to under ten per thousand whereas birth rates remain three or four times as high. In a single day the human race increases by more than 80,000—over one a second—and in fifty years the total population, already 2,600,000,000, will have doubled.

The broad general facts are now well known and every year the details collected by United Nations agencies, including F.A.O., bring a higher degree of accuracy. Last year saw the publication of population statistics for China, which was previously the last of the great countries which had not counted its people by modern census methods. The important World Population Congress held in Rome in August 1954, at which some 300 papers were presented, has provided much of the raw material for this comprehensive and informative, yet precise and well-balanced, report prepared by a Research Group of PEP (Political and Economic Planning). The authors remain anonymous but the emphasis is on the special viewpoint of the comparatively new social science of demography. Reference is made to the difficulty of integrating these studies with the economists' approach, but there is an absence of emphasis on the need for more knowledge of the land and its potential.

Whereas great agriculturalists like Sir John Russell emphasise well-watered but still uncultivated lands as a constant challenge to science and the *ecumene* or habitable area is commonly estimated as about a third of the total surface, the authors of the report are content to accept the possible extension of the present cultivated area by only 25 per cent. to 4,000,000,000 acres or 12 per cent. of the land surface.

The report is in four parts. The first is the report proper and occupies 100 pages with four pages of conclusions. Part II contains details of nineteen countries and islands treated as case studies. They range from the tiny Pacific island of Tikopia with its 1,300 people intensively studied by Professor Raymond Firth, to the 'developed and thinly populated countries' exemplified by the United States, Canada, and the U.S.S.R. As an appendix at the end of the whole book is a glossary which defines 'underdeveloped' in socio-economic terms but there is no definition of 'developed'. In terms of latent physical resources the three countries named, as Dudley Stamp has pointed out, must be classed among the greatest of the underdeveloped countries. There is no discussion of Britain.

Part III deals with nation and family—national policies in some selected countries towards family planning, and Part IV is a discussion of the facts presented by the report and recommendations for action. Earlier the writers conclude 'that inequalities in population density, in health and happiness, in food and material supplies, and in much else besides are likely to be greater thirty years hence than at the present time, unless the growth of population in the overcrowded countries can be restrained. The whole problem is one of urgency and unparalleled importance'.

The Lisbon Earthquake

By T. D. Kendrick. Methuen. 21s.

Commenting on two light earthquake shocks in London early in 1750, Horace Walpole remarked that 'the clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot' into the opinion that the earthquakes were a 'judgement', and that 'there has been a shower of sermons and exhortations'. Five years later the great Lisbon earthquake, which killed 15,000 people and destroyed a large part of the Portuguese capital, reproduced these phenomena on a European scale. In this book Sir Thomas Kendrick examines the theological, philosophical and scientific controversies caused by the catastrophe.

In Lisbon the crucial question whether earthquakes should be regarded as natural events or as the actions of an angry God had a direct and practical bearing on the handling of the emergency. As Sir Thomas Kendrick puts it:

Ought the ordinary man to try to help in the work of recovery, . . . or ought he to set all this miserable worldly business aside and seek in what might well be his last hours to save his soul?

These two views led to a dramatic clash between two powerful personalities, the Portuguese Prime Minister, Pombal, who of course took the former view, and the Italian Jesuit Malagrida, who took the latter. When Malagrida's impassioned insistence on the paramount importance of repentance threatened to interfere seriously with the work of reconstruction, he was first banished from Lisbon, then arrested and finally handed over to the Inquisition to be 'put to death by strangling in horrid publicity in the torch-lit end of an auto-da-fé in the Rossio Square that had lasted all day'.

In France, apart from a Jansenist book proving that the earthquake was God's vengeance on 'a city that first fostered Port Royal's most bitter enemy, the Jesuits', the chief consequence of the

earthquake was a verbal tournament between Voltaire and Rousseau. According to Voltaire, the earthquake was a conclusive refutation of Leibnitzian optimism; according to Rousseau it merely confirmed his views as to the superiority of the savage over the civilised state, since savages, not living in towns and houses, would have been comparatively immune to such a disaster. In Germany the young Kant also supported the optimism of Leibnitz on the ground that earthquakes should be regarded as the price which the earth had to pay for an otherwise extremely efficient system of central heating.

In England the earthquake faced the Church of England with the problem of how to improve the occasion without running into any 'ugly enthusiasm'. The problem was solved by a Royal proclamation appointing a national fast day and the drafting of a special prayer which, Sir Thomas Kendrick says, 'expresses exactly the theological significance of the Lisbon earthquake as it was generally understood and accepted'. £100,000, equivalent to at least £1,000,000 today, was voted by the House of Commons for the relief of Lisbon; and (though this is not noticed by Sir Thomas Kendrick) the Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge wrote a memoir on earthquakes which laid the foundations of seismology as a science.

Thackeray: the Uses of Adversity

By Gordon N. Ray. Oxford. 35s.

The head of the Department of English at the University of Illinois has made himself a considerable authority on William Makepeace Thackeray. He has published, in four volumes costing six guineas, an edition of the Letters and Private Papers, and a volume entitled *The Buried Life*, which relates Thackeray's personal history to the characters appearing in his novels. Now he comes forward with the first half of the first authorised biography of Thackeray, reaching to the publication of *Vanity Fair*—a second half is in preparation. It would be a rash reviewer, on this record, who should venture to challenge Professor Ray on any point of fact; the only criticism which can be made of him as a biographer is that he is possibly slightly over-enamoured of the trees in his interesting wood. He is so concerned to inform us in detail about the ancestors of Thackeray and of his unfortunate wife that the reader wonders when, if ever, he is going to be allowed a sight of Thackeray himself; similarly, he is so anxious to relate every character in Thackeray's writing to some episode in his career that he almost seems to deny the poor man the capacity to imagine anything at all.

This is the first authorised biography. As is well known, Thackeray desired that nobody should write his life—a fact which caused some to speculate whether vast scandals might not eventually come to light. Such speculators will be disappointed: there is no scandal here, nothing which might not have been published within a very few years after its subject's death. The cause of Thackeray's coyness can only be guessed; it may be that he did not wish to appear to posterity (as undoubtedly he does) as a rather silly and frail mortal who wasted a great deal of time on unprofitable pursuits. Born of an Anglo-Indian family, idolised by a silly mother, and expecting to succeed to an independent income, he fooled about—there is no other word for it—for quite a while. He idled at Cambridge and in his legal studies; he ate and drank too much; he gambled and told dirty stories, and went to the theatre when he should have been working. He had vaguely radical sympathies which amounted to very little; he was a class-conscious person who could see the absurdity of class-consciousness, and, in *The Book of Snobs* particularly, realised this and put



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it into words. When he was twenty-two he lost the bulk of his inherited wealth. Two years later he made a marriage which in the end turned out a disaster because his wife became insane. He had to turn to and support a family, principally by means of journalistic work which led him eventually to fame and *Vanity Fair*. If there is nothing in this record to be particularly proud of, other than of coping with ill-fortune without collapsing under it, neither is there any especial cause for shamefacedness. But one must remember that the subject of the biography was himself, as he said, a snob.

There is, in fact, little of Thackeray here, apart from a well-merited rehabilitation in the matter of the quarrel with Bulwer Lytton, that anybody could not have guessed for himself, useful as it may be to have it authenticated in chapter and verse. As G. K. Chesterton, who on Thackeray as on so many other writers said the revealing word, wrote: 'Thackeray is everybody's past, is everybody's youth. . . . He stood for the remains of Christian humility, as Dickens stood for the remains of Christian charity'; and out of his human experience and out of his 'remains of Christian humility' he wrote that unique masterpiece which is called *Vanity Fair*. Whatever Professor Ray may find to put in his second volume, after *Vanity Fair* it can hardly fail to be an anti-climax.

Portrait of Vincent: A Van Gogh Biography. By Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

It is less than seventy years since Van Gogh died, but already the monument of scholarship and criticism devoted to his memory must exceed that devoted to many greater masters. The reasons for this profusion are clear enough. Even if his paintings had vanished the story of his life would be profoundly interesting. Also, there is a considerable mass of evidence available to the biographer of which the latest and most important addition is the *Verzamelde Brieven van Vincent van Gogh* edited by Mme. J. van Gogh-Bonger and Ir. V. W. van Gogh, a complete and unexpurgated correspondence, of which the last volume appeared in 1954.

It is with the aid of this important new source that the Hansons have been able to give a more complete account of the painter's development than was previously available. It is a very competent piece of writing, undoubtedly the product of great scholarship; it deals, on the whole, with the man rather than with his work, treating him with a sympathy which never degenerates into that blind idolatry which informs much Vincentiana. Indeed some readers may find this judicious consideration of the painter's character over severe. But the facts of the matter, as here presented, can hardly be questioned, and if we consider them impartially we can hardly question the justice of the author's strictures. Van Gogh, despite heroic moral qualities, was an intolerable person; his arrogance, his obstinacy, self righteousness, self pity, and egotism cannot be palliated. His treatment of Theo—who really had some of the qualities of a saint—was almost invariably abominable. Theo's tragedy was as real and, in human terms, as important as Vincent's. Both the brothers went through life with the threat of insanity close at hand, both were exhausted and eventually destroyed by the effort to come to some kind of terms with reality.

It is Vincent whom we remember because, almost by accident as it seems, he became a painter and because his condition of morbid sensibility resulted in the production of great works of art. He stands as the type of the anti-social artist, the genius so radically unfit for social life that he must hurt and be hurt by all who meet him. It is thus that the public sees the artist and thus that the artist commonly

sees himself; and it is upon this conception that speculations and generalisations concerning art and life are frequently made. It is therefore useful to remember that there are many varieties of 'artistic temperament' (one has only to think of Renoir, Rubens, and Constable to see how soon the generalisation breaks down). It is also worth while to notice that the symptoms of genius can be misleading. In the pages of this biography the reader will find not only the engrossing story of a great artist but a pattern of behaviour with which he may well be familiar. It is not hard to find painters who can produce a passable imitation of Van Gogh's vices; his virtues are less easily acquired.

In Balloon and Bathyscaphe. By Auguste Piccard. Cassell. 25s.

The story of Professor Piccard's resourceful inventions to attain great heights in the air and great depths in the sea is one that should appeal to the ordinary reader. He early realised that the only safe way to ascend or descend from the earth's surface is in an apparatus, like a pressurised cabin, that carries the earth's atmosphere with it wherever it goes. He realised too that the same principle, that of Archimedes, made it as possible for a journey to be undertaken to the bottom of the sea as one in the air towards the sky. His diving apparatus, called the bathyscaphe, has brought him his success. The cabin of the bathyscaphe is heavier than the surrounding water just as the cage of a balloon is heavier than the surrounding air. To support either, an envelope filled with something lighter than the ambient fluid and floating above the heavier part is a necessity. For the balloon you have hydrogen in the envelope; for the bathyscaphe you have light motor spirit in the float. For both balloon and bathyscaphe ballasting is used for vertical control, and propellers, worked by a motor, for horizontal control. The principles are simple enough. It was in getting the details right that Professor Piccard had to use all his fertility and resource. In the end, however, he attained success. In his bathyscaphe a few men have descended to record depths in the sea—nearly two and a half miles—have been able to move it about at these depths, and to return to the surface when they wanted to. Scientific observation of the ocean at great depths is now possible and may be one day a promising field of work.

The book is written in a lively style and has been well translated by Christina Stead. There are some good illustrations. About one-fifth of the book is in the form of appendices in which technical details of all of the contrivances are provided for the expert.

Visions and Revisions. By John Cowper Powys. Macdonald. 15s.

Posterity may well regard John Cowper Powys as the greatest English novelist alive in 1955—discounting for the moment whatever young genius may even now be hacking out his first master-work, or still doing Latin exercises at school. Posterity, if it is reasonably cynical (or, for that matter, merely well-informed in literary history), will not be surprised at his present neglect, and will smile equally knowingly when it hears that *Visions and Revisions* had to wait forty years for English publication.

In this work, Mr. Powys attempted the near-impossible: he chose his favourite writers, those whom he thinks the world's greatest (Rabelais, Dante, Shakespeare, the list begins), and devoted a short essay to each. As such a compilation must be, in an obtuse sense, the easiest of all critical books to write, so must it be in truth

the hardest. To take Milton, or Shelley, attempt to compress his essence into a dozen pages, and at the same time say anything original, valuable, or even amusing! And to expect it to remain original, valuable or amusing forty years after! And yet each of these essays appears as startling, provocative, and nevertheless right, as it must have done in 1915.

The author is, of course, the most unfashionable kind of critic. His is the sort of criticism which, valid and stimulating as it is *per se*, nevertheless takes on its full stature only in the light of what we know of the critic's own personality. He attempts personal interpretations, not the placing of his authors in 'the scale of values generally accepted by the majority of educated people' so dear to the traditional 'Oxford' don. We are interested in what he has to say on its own merits; but doubly so in that it is the judgement of a man who, in a related capacity, was capable of writing *A Glastonbury Romance*. Still more unfashionable is the author's humility: the student of human vanity will note that it is only one of the most consummate of living stylists who will say:

St. Agnes' Eve . . . has a beauty so poignant, so sensuously unearthly, that one dare not quote a line of it, in a mere 'critical essay', for fear of breaking such a spell!

These essays are gnarled, idiosyncratic, but almost uniformly brilliant; they are extraordinarily 'packed'—there is hardly a waste word in them.

Here in Spain. By Chapman Mortimer. Cresset Press. 21s.

It might be thought that there were almost enough books about Spain—for the last few years have witnessed an avalanche of literary works about various aspects of Spanish life, and many of us are now well on the way to becoming experts on the finer points of flamenco or of the bull-ring. Mr. Chapman Mortimer, however, has managed to write a really original book about this country, and one which will delight readers who have appreciated such works as Havelock Ellis' *The Soul of Spain*. For Mr. Mortimer, who displayed his distinctive talent in the novel, *Mediterraneo*, has not tried to write a guide book but has been content to note down his personal impressions of the Spanish people. As the Spanish are among the most individualistic and original nations left in Europe, this approach makes *Here In Spain* a fascinating book, and one that is worthy to be considered as literature.

Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History. By Paul Horgan. Macmillan, two volumes. 50s.

Everyone knows that the Rio Grande Del Norte is one of the great rivers of the world; but not everyone can comprehend its majesty, rising in mountains nearly three miles high and flowing nearly 1,900 miles through deep-slotted canyons and parched or freezing deserts to the sea; and very few can be conscious that for the last four centuries, like the Rhine, it has been at once corridor and frontier in the struggles of western man to dominate his world. But now the great river has found, in Mr. Paul Horgan, a chronicler worthy of its majesty. In his remarkable work, which has already been awarded a Pulitzer Prize, he has written a history in the grand manner, not merely of the river itself, and of the men and communities who have fought, lived and succumbed in its vast remote hinterland, but of the peoples, Indian, Spanish, and 'American', who have successively endured, explored, and mastered its secret empire.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Fabulous Indeed

'FABULOUS' BEING the fashionable adjective and 'indeed' a currently contagious adverb, I may as well be in the movement and say that last week's television was fabulous indeed. Those *Queen Mary* programmes, for example: they were first-rate in quality of picture and in general interest, a proud B.B.C. television achievement which completely outshone a recent commercial programme endorsing the joys of crossing to New York by a United States line. There was a splendid mid-distance shot of the *Queen Mary* just before the cameras took final leave of her in Southampton Water. It was almost breath-taking not only as a spectacle but as a sign of what we may expect from television camera improvements plus imaginative use. B.B.C. cameras never acquitted themselves better than on this two-part occasion. The logistics must have been formidable. We had a hint of it in the frantic last-minute chopping of the television cable from ship to shore as the *Queen Mary* left Ocean Terminal. These programmes, 'Eve of Departure' and 'Outward Bound', produced and presented by Alan Chivers and Nicholas Crocker, were a fine advertisement for more than Cunard White Star. Coming in the week in which we saw the last of the 'We, The British: Are We In Decline?' series, they took some of the shine out of Christopher Mayhew's polished summing-up of that inquiry.

Yes, fabulous shall be the word for it. There was Sir Frederick Handley Page, in 'Press Conference', stunning his inquisitors into a silence that never befell them before in that programme. If he was a shade too ruthless, he was tremendously effective and, as a demonstrator of personal force on television, Lord Beaverbrook has now lost the palm. There was Jack Payne, the dance band *impresario*, declining to tell us the title of his new book because 'there's too much self-advertising on television'. Bravo. There was a scientist, Dr. Allibone, assuring us that we may count on a million years of energy from present uranium resources. There was 'Trooping the Colour' live and telerecorded and having us all tense with the emergency of the Colour caught on the tip of an attendant bayonet. There was the *Daily Mirror* 'Cavalcade of Sport' from the White City Stadium, giving innumerable viewers their first sight of a polo match. There was 'The Davis Cup' and there was 'Saturday-Night Out' from the top of Snowdon.

Nor is that the end of the tale of wonder. 'Commercial' fell for a man who says that he can disperse clouds by thought power and

showed us a film of him apparently doing it. Given the right sort of cloud, they could take a film of me apparently doing it. There was an interview with 'Sir Don' and 'Sir Len' (as Hutton is already being hailed by the publishers of his forthcoming book) which made one reflect again on the baffling official disregard of that great cricketer, athlete, and scholar, C. B. Fry.



A view from the crow's-nest of the *Queen Mary* as seen on May 30 in the first of three television programmes on the 'Atlantic Queens'

There was the hustling Lancashire mill-owner, Cyril Lord, and there were Sir Bernard and Lady Docker, whose splendours and miseries were allowed to sweep 'Robin Hood and his Merry Men' from our screens. We do not get the best pictures *via* independent television. What we do get under those auspices is an urgent if sometimes puny topicality that makes the B.B.C. handling of news subjects often seem pedestrian and dull.

Yet there is no gain-saying the authoritative-ness of the B.B.C. style even when it is flourished late upon the scene. 'Panorama', last week, caught up with the situation in the two anthracite mines in South Wales which were about to be closed by the N.C.B. Independent television had already had its film cameras and interviewer there. It took the B.B.C. touch to convince us that the problem was being impartially presented, though Christopher Chataway, newly appointed to B.B.C.

television, showed inexperience as a questioner. Coal mines became more vividly real to me when the Member of Parliament for Ebbw Vale, Morfudd, told me that they breathe like a living organism. His powers of description and my imagination produced a picture of a mine mouth expanding and contracting in obedience to I forget which law of thermodynamics and, since nationalisation, perhaps occasionally stretching in a yawn. Seeing the men of Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, we viewers had reason to understand that there are imponderables in human relations which make nonsense of the more glibly confident judgements passed on that local crisis. Visual definition had corrected verbal distortion.

'William Blake or G. F. Watts?' remained unanswered in the mind after the showing of John Read's sensitive film about the life and art of Stanley Spencer, whose optical acuteness goes with a busy inward vision which has enabled him to discover a universe in his village of Cookham. 'My intention has not been so much to paint pictures that charm the eye, as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity'. The voice is Watts': it could be Spencer's, whose art, as portrayed in this film, does not aspire to Blake's awful sublimity.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Sacred and Secular

ON SUNDAY NIGHT the serious note was sounded with a televised version of 'The Strong Are Lonely', the play which only recently ended a



Stanley Spencer with pupils of the drawing class at Cookham County Modern School: a still from the first of two television films on the artist shown on May 30



'The Strong Are Lonely' on June 3, with Derek Oldham (left) as Andre Cornelis and Robert Harris as Don Pedro de Miura

successful run in the West End. This piece by Fritz Hochwalder, adapted by Eva Le Gallienne from a French version, is an implicit protest against the despotism, both lay and clerical, which broke up, in the name of Jesuit discipline, a Jesuit experiment in practical Christianity among the natives of South America in the eighteenth century. The subject is remote in history but urgent in its picture of political and religious pressures. One's sympathy is bound to run against the central figure, the Father Provincial who abandons under orders the bold and beneficent venture in civilised colonisation of which he is profoundly proud. But this is not the kind of conflict in which the support of the audience for one party or the other is openly solicited. It is a cool and forceful study of an authentic social tragedy, with 150,000 natives and their few Spanish benefactors as the victims of a concerted military, religious, and commercial attack upon the few champions of decency.

The television screen gave me a clearer impression of the play's merits than the stage had done; and that not merely because more could be shown, especially of the final and futile recourse to arms. The acting profited by the use of close-ups and by Adrian Waller's direction. This had greatly improved Ernest Milton's speaking of the Jesuit emissary's part by toning down his vocal mannerisms and also took us closer to the sufferings of the Father Provincial as played by Donald Wolfitt. I was still not convinced that Mr. Wolfitt is rightly cast as a fanatical and ascetic pietist: worldly roles suit him better, and his attempts to present the austere devotee led him at times into a sing-song utterance and fluting noises dubbed 'parsonical'. But his acting never lacks energy or the power to engage an audience and drive a dramatic story vigorously on its way. The military delegate, bound by orders which he knows to be vicious, was again beautifully played by Robert Harris, whose delicately expressive play of features the screen can mirror to the full.

Immediately after came, in complete contrast, 'The Jack Benny Show', the first, one was glad to learn, of several. Mr. Benny shares with Bob Hope a mastery of the slow, static, unemphatic style of drollery. He is not afraid to wait for a laugh, correctly believing it will come. His gags are of the slight, dry, realistically conversational order. He never strains to score a point and he

can be as deliberate as he chooses with complete confidence that his audience will never grow impatient. This method is the exact opposite of the rattling, have-at-you technique of most English comedians. He drawls, he dallies, and he delightfully conquers.

These items concluded a week in which levity had been busily pursued. The idea that the modern world, with its bustle and its pressure of the man and the machine, would leave no room for domesticity could hardly be more false. Broadcasting and television not only provide lavishly for the family evening at home and dissuade the young from seeking random pleasures, at some dis-

across the sea' to bring in an American cousin, but he was not a great catch. The Lyons, who really are the Lyons in person, have taken to screen-life after many invisible victories. Their first offering (trouble at the office bringing the Boss to the troubled home) was on the familiar lines of American television half-hour features. In these the 'gaffe' is always trumps. The characters incessantly bring the right kind of innocent fatuity to much spluttering of the wrong word and much doing of the wrong thing. The Lyons feature was called the first of four episodes: it will probably be the first of four hundred. A family on the air, vocal only or visible too, is rarely allowed to fade away.

Another television series was begun for the much-beloved and far from dumb dummy, Archie Andrews. The ventriloquial practice of his adroit master, Peter Brough, is now to get well away from Archie, who is no longer on his master's knee but propped up in a chair. Mr. Brough then throws his voice into Archie from 'behind the arras'. The result was well up to the usual high standard of Mr. Brough's invisible and transferable jocosity. But the incidents invented for the start of 'Here's Archie' were deplorably unfunny. A room was supposed to be hired to sundry artists for rehearsals; in the troupers trooped to do their stuff. But what stuff it was! May there be better luck (and script) as the series grows.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Heavy Weather

THERE MR. PUNTILA SITS, as he has sat with his more-or-less boon companion (who, by now, is under the table) for two days on end. He is drunk, loquacious, slurred. Nothing tries him more than his occasional fits of sobriety which he must endure like the brave fellow he is. This is not one of the fits: for a moment he is friend of all the world and prepared to offer the earth to practically anybody in Finland. A creation of Bertolt Brecht, he gives his name to 'Puntila' (Third), a long comedy that ends much as it has begun. Puntila, who has throughout a trick of referring to himself in the third person, is happily drunk again (a miserable and depressing attack of sobriety having passed



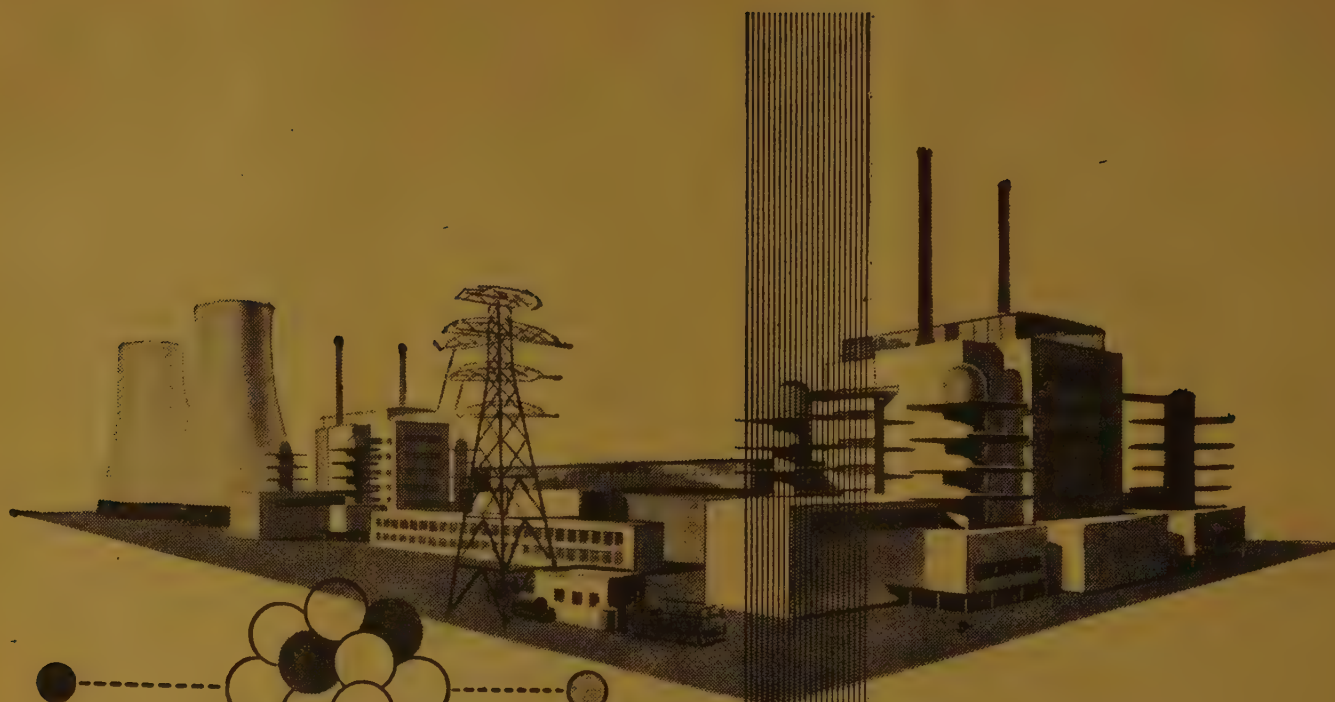
Jack Benny (centre) in a sketch from the Jack Benny Show on June 3

advantage to publicans and cinemas: they are themselves assisted by the allure of the Family Circle. Once create a family and none dare drop them. So on they go, the Dales, the Archers, the Groves, and now the Lyons, charmed circles with charmed lives, unassailable, undismissable, and only to a few unbearable.

Pity the poor script-writers who must find a continual stream of sketches for these clans. A sketch for a revue or music-hall may live for years: a script for the air lives but once or twice. So new domestic dilemmas must be found in scores for the Groves. Their creators, the Pertwees, are obviously under strain. They stretched 'hands



A scene from 'La Bohème', Puccini's opera about life in the Latin quarter of Paris in 1830, televised on May 31. Seen above are (left to right) Louise Traill as Musetta, Thomas Hemsley as Marcel, Heather Harper as Mimi, and Raymond Nilsson as Rudolph



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off), and we feel that the whole affair may begin once more from the beginning.

To appreciate this extravaganza (adapted by Helena Wood from a translation by Richard Grenier and Gerhard Nellhaus) one has to be a firm admirer of Brecht. A good deal of it is rough-and-ready humour—thus Puntila, who must have 'a lot of everything', recklessly engages himself to four women at once—and the satirical view of relations between master and man, the mild gibes at other dramatists, and the snatches of narrative balladry that summarise each section of the play do not really sustain us through a night in which Brecht is making heavy weather of it all. Now and then there is a lighter air, a felicitous verbal scurry; but the people do not develop. We are not wildly anxious to know what happens to Puntila, to his daughter in her merry-go-round with the chauffeur, and to the chauffeur Matti himself. Even if the final ascent of the 'mountain'—a few chairs—has a certain crazy gleam, this rift in the cloud-rack opens too late. On Sunday the play was fortunate to have Donald Wolfitt in an expansive mood. Puntila needs a lot of everything, and we were glad to have a lot of Mr. Wolfitt: he relished the part to the last, and John Gibson's production gave proper help to him and to us.

We met another master-and-man revel (though that, perhaps, is not the word for 'Puntila') in 'Right-Ho, Jeeves' (Light). There again the weather was overcast. The trouble with these P. G. Wodehouse stories is that their period idiom—to which Dan Ferguson has been faithful—is crisper on the page than when it is spoken. In any event, the dialogue must suffer when it is detached from Wodehouse's narrative prose. In 'Right-Ho, Jeeves' Bertie Wooster has spots of shut-eye; there are various wheezes; Aunt Dahlia calls Bertie a 'squirt'; people are lunged in and out; Bertie speaks of his aunt as my dear old flesh-and-blood'; and there is a polite but deadly duel between master and man over the visual merits of a tartan dinner-jacket. Now and then the grave idiocy conquers us, as in the exchange, 'At twelve-thirty I will bong'. —'I am so glad that you will bong, sir'. But during much of the comedy we have to rely upon its actors, upon the reckless-peevisish Bertie of Naunton Wayne and the immensely archiepiscopal Jeeves of Deryck Guyler: we realised on Sunday that they were doing all the right things, but laughter did not come readily. We wanted them back between the covers of the book. Still, as someone says in the Congreve play, 'Raillery, raillery . . . We have no animosity'.

Last week I was wondering what Aeschylus would have made of Ukridge. Now, after hearing 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia' (Third), I am forced to ask what Samuel Johnson would have made of Wooster. Not much, I think. Jeeves would have been nearer the mark: Johnson might have applauded his sonorous dignity. As for Bertie, the poor fish would have been dismissed in a phrase or so about (let us say) 'risible absurdities that may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden impatience in contempt'. However, our theme is 'Rasselas', the didactic tale, set of dissertations, that—monstrously undramatic though it is—held me admiring its measured harmonies and the voice of Anthony Jacobs. In effect, maybe, a Johnsonian monologue, but (in Terence Tiller's version) heavy weather to value. Anyone in search of the easier entertainment might transfer to it Johnson's own remark about Richardson and say, 'Why, Sir, if you were to read [it] for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself'.

The raillery in 'Marriage Is No Joke' (Home) becomes a trifle desperate. This, one of James Bridie's less triumphant frisks, begins with much rum. The play itself is a rum busi-

ness about a Scot who marries a barmaid when drunk, repents when sober, soldiers in Persia (first world war), returns to his sensible and endearing wife, and ends—as the Rev. John MacGregor—in a semi-Shavian whirl. It was acted suitably by James McKechnie and Rona Anderson, among others; but we felt, for once, that Bridie was making the heaviest of weather. After an hour and a half he still had not bonged.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

I Remember . . .

THE B.B.C.—and readers may have noted that I often treat that hydra-headed monster as if it were one single person, sometimes a beneficent and inspired being to whose activities I can offer only humble thanks, at others an irresponsible and mischievous urchin whom I consider it my joyful duty to chastise—the B.B.C., as I was saying, fell into a reflective mood last week and spent much of its time in recalling the past. The tendency was especially strong on Sunday when there were three retrospective programmes. Lord Pethick-Lawrence's excellent talk in the 'I Remember . . .' series had already appeared in THE LISTENER last week, and you can and certainly ought to read in the present number A. P. Ryan's second of his 'Three Non-conventionalists', namely that turbulent mid-Victorian priest Bishop Colenso. Mr. Ryan executes these word-portraits extremely well, enlivening them at appropriate moments with colourful touches of humour which never impair our respect for his sitters while contributing greatly to our enjoyment of his talks.

There followed a fifty-minute account, enthralling and appalling, of the Battle of Jutland, told by a number of those who took part in it. The script was by David Woodward and the narrative linking these eye-witness descriptions was spoken by Sir Stephen King-Hall. The producer was John Bridges. There was no pompous announcement, there were no effects, no specially composed music: I can imagine nothing better than the stark, simple treatment of the theme.

On Wednesdays on the Light Programme Gilbert Harding is giving six readings from his autobiography, *Along My Line*, in half-hourly bouts under the not very alluring title 'Harding Reads Some Lines' but the lines he reads make very attractive listening. In the first instalment a fortnight ago he described his early life in Hereford Workhouse, of which his father was Master and his mother Matron. There he lived like a princeling, surrounded by a large, well-kept garden and a host of friends, the laundress, the doctor with his smart turn-out and cockaded coachman, Mrs. Trailer the charwoman (have I got her name right?), who took care of the Master's house, and Nat and Dan who respectively looked after the pigs and the furnaces. After his father's death he went to the Royal Wolverhampton Orphanage, where the teaching was excellent and the food disgusting, and of the school, the headmaster, and another master, he drew a vivid and sympathetic picture and duly recorded the headmaster's report of him: 'Too marked a tendency to show off'. Thence he gained a scholarship to Queens' College, Cambridge, and his second reading, last week, recalled the life he led there in glowing terms but with regret—misplaced, I think—for the precious time he wasted while there. What I find so attractive in these reminiscences is Mr. Harding's warm and lasting affection for his many friends in all stations of life. Delightful, too, is his gift for vivid description of scenes, events, and people; and the quiet, almost off-hand, and pleasantly humorous way in which he reads. In fact the only impediment to my enjoyment of these broadcasts is the rude but mercifully brief intrusion of music, intended, I

suppose, to rub in the mood of the moment but actually snapping the thread of the narrative and transforming my mood of bland attention into helpless fury.

In 'The Balance Sheet', a programme concluding the recent broadcasts on the countries of the Middle East, the six participants, D. G. Bridson, Maurice Brown, Robert Pocock, Colin Wills, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, and David Woodward, under the chairmanship of Sir Thomas Rapp, had to recall a past of only a few weeks ago when they visited those countries to investigate their social, political, and economic problems and developments. It was a carefully prepared collection of impressions presented by these experienced broadcasters with all the air of a lively spontaneous discussion—an interesting and informative programme with conclusions tangled, as they were bound to be, but on the whole, I thought, reassuring. Nor had J. B. Priestley any severe tax imposed on his memory in recalling the impressions of a recent visit to Canada in two talks, in the second of which (it appears on another page) he gave his view of 'The National Life and Character'. I listened to it with a Canadian who agreed wholeheartedly with every word he said, a result which reflects creditably on both him and her. As one who has never crossed the Atlantic I could pronounce no judgement except on the quality of the talk, which seemed to me Mr. Priestley's at his best.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

'Messiah'—Mozart's Version

HANDEL'S 'MESSIAH' with Mozart's additional wind and string accompaniment promised an evening of great musicological interest, if nothing else, and ended by having provided an experience that remains vividly impressed on the mind of at least one listener. It was as though a superb painting, for long hidden under thick varnish and the accumulated grime of London fogs, had been cleaned and so revealed in its pristine grace. A copy, of course, in any case, but one that has been an acknowledged masterpiece ever since the time it was made by a genius; as though Leonardo da Vinci's 'Cenacolo' had been revived in some new and puzzling version by Dürer.

Mozart's version, brought into being by a concatenation of circumstances that Handel would have sympathised with because they were the kind of thing he had submitted to and manipulated with masterly craftsmanship, served its purpose of introducing the more liberal musical public in Vienna to 'Messiah'. There was no organ available in the hall of the Imperial Library, a fortunate occurrence that resulted in the version we now know and yet seldom hear. For there has grown up a tradition, child of the monster productions that have gathered accretions of voices and instruments like barnacles on breakwaters, that 'Messiah' can feasibly be accompanied with Mozart's additional parts with the very instrument whose absence occasioned the specific disorganisation in Vienna in 1791. To dissipate the subtleties of Mozart's wind and string parts among the multiple pipes and unaccountable registrations of an organ is an act of the most impure vandalism. But it obtains to this day and hence the surprise and relief at hearing this broadcast performance where the music was given more or less as Mozart meant it to be.

It was the texture and balance of the choruses that provided the most surprising element. In 'Messiah' the arias and the solo work in general have remained fairly constantly acceptable to the taste of a historically sensitive minority. No matter how bloated the choruses have become as tradition progressed from the Westminster Abbey commemorations to the Crystal Palace

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and the Albert Hall, the solo voice has been allowed to keep free, if it wished, from the prevailing cloying pomposity. In this broadcast the choruses shed their elephantine stodginess and were light and delicately transparent, moving with the elegant precision of a trained athlete. Below the surface the parts, both choral and instrumental, moved as easily as the muscles below the skin of a runner. The forces were, according to our expansive standards, small. The music therefore was not encumbered by excessive weight: it moved under the impulse of its own natural grace.

'Messiah' was first performed in Dublin, in 1742. In the following year a Swedish musician, who had admired Handel ever since he visited London some twenty-five years previously, produced a 'Jubilate' which, with the 'Swedish Mass', was broadcast in the same week as the Mozartean 'Messiah'. It is not known for cer-

tain that this notable, forgotten Swedish composer, Johan Helmich Roman, met Handel during his stay with us; but his music shows clearly the influence to which he submitted his art and that was undoubtedly Handelian. The whole of Roman's festive, exultant 'Jubilate' seemed to be penetrated through and through by Handel's keen rhythmic impulses and suffused with the warm colour of his harmonies. To this there was added, at the opening of the work, a distinct savour of Bach's trumpets; but it was Handel who was the tutelary genius watching over Roman's finely shaped and, be it said, often idiomatic music.

This 'Jubilate' sounded preponderantly teutonic. The larger and more elaborate 'Swedish Mass' had traces of a more Italianate manner, less of the Chandos Anthems, more of the early operas that Roman will have come in contact with during his London visit. The first sounds

of the Kyrie brought Handel to mind. In the Gloria there was a hint of Alessandro Scarlatti. As in the 'Jubilate', so here also, such reminiscences of Roman's greater contemporaries could not finally overshadow his own personality. Sweden forgot him for a couple of centuries but has now at length revived his music which, if we may judge by these two works, has considerable poetic quality as well as its own inherent musical character.

Vaughan Williams' recent Violin Sonata, sensitively and vigorously played by Frederick Grinke and Kendall Taylor, gave no sign of any hand guiding the pen other than the composer's own; the bare octaves stealing over the keys and the calm answer of the violin's single line of sound in the third movement could have come from one mind alone. At that moment the music bore the unmistakable imprint of Vaughan Williams' personality.

SCOTT GODDARD

Thomas Tomkins: 1572-1656

By DENIS STEVENS

The first of three programmes of Tomkins' music will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, June 12 (Third)

WITNESS the many tears her husband shed, truer tears I dare say never fell at funeral; witness his charge, and charity to bring her home with honour'. These words, spoken by one of the canons of Worcester Cathedral on the occasion of Alice Tomkins' funeral, may serve to remind English musicians especially that they have a duty towards Thomas Tomkins: to bring him home with honour during this tercentenary year, and to see that his music remains honoured, and indeed performed, when commemorative concert programmes have been stored away and fulsome speeches forgotten.

In most of the large musical families known to historians, there is usually one particular figure who stands far above his forbears, his brothers, or his sons. Often he is more prolific than they are; his reputation as an executant is much superior to theirs. This is certainly true of Tomkins, for although many of his relations were practising musicians and composers, very little is known of their works—sometimes only the words of anthems formerly sung in the Chapel Royal. Thomas Tomkins left for the enjoyment of posterity some 250 compositions, the greater part of which remain unpublished even today.

His music stems from different phases of his long career, which embraced nearly sixty years of music-making and led from the relatively untroubled years of Elizabeth's reign to the thin times of the Commonwealth, when lands belonging to his family were sequestered and his position as organist of Worcester Cathedral became null and void. From the time when he first came to Worcester as organist and master of the choristers, his main task and interest was the composition of music for the Anglican liturgy. An occasional madrigal or organ solo, and even a few harpsichord pieces, can be assigned to this early period of Tomkins' creative activity. But he was known principally as a church musician, and it was on the strength of his splendid reputation as a composer of anthems and services that he joined the Chapel Royal, first as one of the gentlemen, and then as organist.

With that quarter-century over, though by no means done with, he turned his attention to other fields, publishing a fine book of madrigals (he preferred to call them *Songs*) in 1622, and dedicating them to the Earl of Pembroke. Each of the songs was dedicated separately to one of the composer's friends, either to his neighbours

in Worcester or to his colleagues in the Chapel Royal. There are songs, too, for his brothers, and the first and last of the collection bear dedications to his father and his son respectively. Tomkins valued his friends; and no matter how he rose in the world, he always remained faithful to them and mindful of their kindness and devotion. There are many similar instances of a 'musical offering' among his consort music, where John Withy of Worcester is named; and among his keyboard music, which contains pieces for his son's second wife Isabella Folliot, for Edward Thornborough who was then archdeacon of Worcester, and for Earl Strafford, William Laud, and Charles I of England.

The decline of interest in madrigal singing and the growth in popularity of consort music caused Tomkins, a man of over sixty, to essay a medium that was essentially different from the ones he had formerly known, even if it was not entirely new. His son Nathaniel had come to Worcester as a minor canon in 1629, and soon became known as a loyalist, a zealous high-churchman, and a keen musician, 'able to play better on an organ than on a text'. He maintained an organ (probably a single manual instrument of the kind used for consort music) in his own house, and it was due to Nathaniel's enthusiasm as much as anything else that his father began to write pavans, almans, fantasias, and *In nomine* pieces. Many are still extant, and they testify with glowing eloquence to the intellectual vigour of the venerable composer and organist, who was nearly seventy years of age when a pavan dated October 9, 1641, was written for the small circle of consort players living within the precincts of the cathedral.

The noble six-part fantasia with its falling theme imbued with chromatic pathos has long been known as a magnificent, though isolated, example of Tomkins' art. Still Italianate in flavour, though undeniably English in texture, is the five-part pavan which is also found in a keyboard version in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. But for sheer boldness in chromatic and enharmonic experimentation one of the three-part fantasias is quite unsurpassed. The first section of the work is a modulating canon, three in one, whose opening point begins on E and is re-stated in descending sequence at intervals of a whole tone: D, C, B flat, A flat, G flat (which Tomkins notates as F sharp) and so back to E.

The last phase of Tomkins' activity as a creative musician was yet to come. When it did

come, there was little in it for surprised comment and wondering admiration, for he turned back to the style of his master, William Byrd, renouncing experiments and recalling experience, so that the keyboard music written from 1646 to 1654 may truly be said to recollect emotion in tranquillity. These eight fruitful years, comparable in a historic sense to the last period of Verdi's life, saw the production of thirty keyboard pieces in all the forms and styles current in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. There are solemn pavans and captivating galliards, brilliant variations on popular songs of the day, dignified settings of plainsongs like *In nomine* and *Miserere*, as well as preludes, fantasies, and voluntaries. Less profound than Byrd, less brilliant than Bull, Thomas Tomkins nevertheless proves his mastery of keyboard style in these varied and autumnal compositions. They possess unique and highly personal qualities that place them in a class of their own. Sometimes it is a particularly haunting harmonic effect that catches our ears—the bold though logical use of the augmented triad, for instance; sometimes the beauty of the filigree ornamentation round a tune like 'Robin Hood' or 'Fortune my foe' shows a new approach to the technical devices of the time, whilst still retaining a sense of classical composure and conservative idiom.

He never lived to see the publication of his greatest work. During his lifetime, only four of his anthems were published, but twelve years after his death there appeared the monumental *Musica Deo Sacra*, with its five services and ninety-four anthems, some for unaccompanied choir ranging from three to twelve voices, others for soloists, choir, and organ. Many of the organ parts that Tomkins wrote are far exalted above the role of a humble accompaniment. They are often fully worked out rather than simply sketched, as in the verse anthems by Gibbons, and apart from their full and sonorous part-writing they contain fine details of decoration and ornament. *Musica Deo Sacra*, unfortunately, arrived too late on the changing scene of English church music: it never gained the acceptance that it so richly deserved, with the result that some of the greatest of Tomkins' music remains unknown and unsung. Apart from slight differences in liturgical texts, it is still eminently suited for use in churches and cathedrals, and its outstanding quality and sincere expression should be more than enough to commend it to those in a position to explore and make known its manifold riches.

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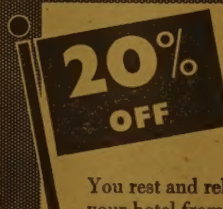
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For the Housewife

Rejuvenating Household Linen

By URSULA BLOOM

I HAVE just been turning out my linen cupboard. First, I examine everything I have, then I start on a system of rejuvenation. I take the tired-looking, rather ancient sheets, and I embroider coloured initials on them. These are not the kind done in laborious satin-stitch, because I have my own special method. I start by pencilling my initials in place on the sheets; they are about four inches high and on either side of the crease—easy to get straight, because of the crease. Most of my initials are worked in a coarse chain-stitch, big and bold, using the full six strands of stranded coloured cotton, with a second outline along it, also in chain-stitch, to give the letter 'body'. The time required for a single initial is only eight minutes. Occasionally I do initials in a green feather-stitch, adding heavy french knots in scarlet, at the end of each point; this gives the effect of berries, and looks pretty and original. There is really no end to what can be done, if you use a little imagination.

Sheets that are nearing the worn-out stage I cut up. They become long cloths for my dresser,

or for the chest of drawers. If their colour has become dingy, I dye them with a pale-pink, cold-water dye. Embroidered pillow cases wear out, but their backs are often sound. I make these into tray cloths, with a machined hem, and a lace edging. Or sometimes I crochet a border round, in coloured cotton, using an ordinary double crochet with the occasional *picot*. Last year I made a complete set of dinner mats like this from four decrepit pillow cases. When finished they looked like Hungarian embroidery, dyed coffee-colour, and edged with emerald and vermillion.

Every year I make a couple of new gauze 'spreads', first hemmed round the edge, for putting over the food in the summer to keep the flies off. I have them large enough to cover over the entire supper table. I cut up badly-worn bath towels into small guest towels, and convert the smallest pieces into face flannels, button-holing the edges. They take on a new life this way.

I always make plastic covers to put over the shelves, because it is so absurd to allow clean

things to become dusty when laid away. Plastic is an ideal material for this, and it is cheap.

—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

J. L. SADIE (page 746): Professor of Economics, Stellenbosch University, Cape Province; member of Executive, South African Bureau of Racial Affairs

S. E. FINER (page 751): Professor of Political Institutions, University College of North Staffordshire; author of *The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick*, etc.

JOHN IRWIN (page 756): Assistant Keeper, Indian Section, Victoria and Albert Museum
W. L. BURN (page 758): Professor of Modern History, Durham University, since 1944; author of *The British West Indies*, etc.

EMANUEL MILLER (page 762): Physician in Child Psychiatry, St. George's Hospital, London; lecturer at the Institute of Psychiatry; author of *Types of Mind and Body*, *Modern Psychotherapy*, *Insomnia and Disorders of Sleep*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,358.

Hidden Mixtures—II.

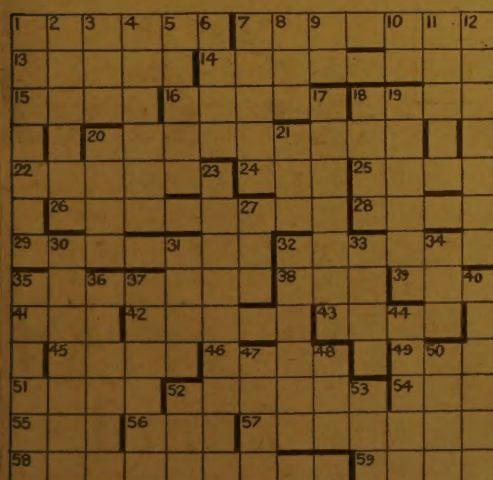
By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Every clue marked **M** has a theme-word. It is either one of the words, or a phrase, occurring in the clue. There is also a hidden mixture of the letters of another word, suggested by, or synonymous with, the theme-word. The light for this clue will be another word (of the number of letters indicated) which is related to, or synonymous with the hidden word. E.g., 'Eva did not feel happy among her friends (8)'. The theme-word is FRIENDS; DAVID is the hidden mixture and the light in this case is JONATHAN.

The clue itself may sometimes, but not always, contain a hint to help in finding the light after the mixture has been found. The other clues are normal. The unchecked letters occur in QUORN LED ALL, GRAND.



CLUES—ACROSS

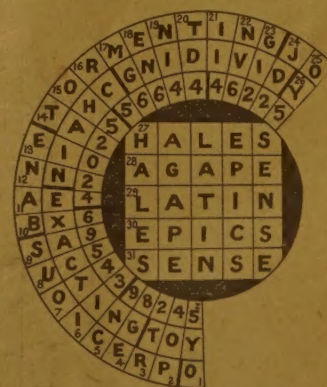
- 1M. A publisher, who had a rival, as we can observe in fiction (6)
7. See I Down
- 13M. The Syrian's reply was sharp apropos of a river for bathing (5)
- 14M. A giant was subdued by this hero and lived (8)
- 15M. Old hero, wrecked at sea near Carthage, was loved by a queen (4)
- 16M. Old hag drags the straw from the stackyard (5)
18. Pale from a throw (4)
- 20M. Dickens! Would the famous foreigner stun her at the party? (9)
22. In with gout, I make a new arrangement for the trip (6)
- 24M. There's a roar up among the gods as she rises from her couch (3)
- 25M. On the hill-top, harmonious music pleased the Irish kings (4)
- 26M. In Athens no-one was calm, riled by his many excuses (8)
28. Spenser's growl was shorter than ours (4)
- 29M. Famous beauty who originally lived in Jersey (7)
- 32M. An object of pity, his friend marvelled at his patience (6)
- 35M. One of Leicester's men played to a crowd in Shore-ditch (7)
- 38M. Fruity advertiser whose fame has lasted long (3)
- 39M. In Jeroboam's 20th year he had just begun to rule (3)
41. Always in the 'Agony Columns' of the past (3)
- 42M. Red Indian lover whose acts charmed French romantic readers (5)
- 43M. Famous queen's attendant in a charming role (4)
- 45M. Was this all which Snout could present in the play? (4)
- 46M. Part of speech which may never be heard again (4)
49. Copper's short weight (3)
51. Feel loathing for a dry stalk of hemlock (4)
- 52M. Read Browning's poem on the last bus (6)
54. Start uttering a-note (3)
- 55M. She hated the children that as mad as a king as he begot in Thebes (3)
56. Water left when a lump of brick is taken from the French boat (3)
- 57M. Be liberal in your judgment on the old translator (7)
- 58M. No sir! Remember the historian from Iceland (9)
- 59M. I came right up against the Welsh defence, so the king said (4)

DOWN

- 1-7Ac.M. A lad in Drury Lane Pantomime marries a Sultan's daughter (14)
- 2M. The gunners go as far as glory leads them—in Latin (6)
- 3U.M. She raided the lands of this tribe of Israel (3)
4. Describes pithy sayings—of goblins, perhaps? (6)
- 5M. Some sayings of a priest as spokesman for his brother (5)
- 6M. Giant slain in the din of battle by Scandinavian god (4)

7. Old Scots coin revealed by famous librarian (5)
8. Mineral from the Forest of Dean (3)
9. Loathe what Hugh has at heart (2)
- 10M. My gyp tempted me to engage in sun-worship (2)
- 11M. The mother of a legendary king never gained much fame (5)
- 12M. Ex-officer studies the Nun's Priest's Tale (7)
- 17M. Let 'The Barber of Seville' turn your mind to opera (7)
- 18M. All these artifices are fast creeping into our studies (4)
- 19M. A visit from a Hindu god who fought demons (6)
20. Stupefy the awkward young bloods (4)
- 21M. She left Achilles one vulnerable spot (3)
- 23M. Pantagruel could give tangible proof of his great appetite (9)
27. Thick rope for hoisting sails (3)
30. Increase the number of men in a rickety tow-boat (7)
- 31M. On Sunday, bring along the Metrical Psalms (4)
- 32M. This fairy tale is regarded as better for children (6)
- 33M. Some beautiful lines Campbell wrote of his daughter (4)
- 34M. Not always what the beadle thought it was (3)
- 35M. Was she able to converse with the wise king? (6)
36. Used to colour butter and cheese—from our cow mostly (6)
- 37M. My hack never wrote such stuff for radio comedy (6)
- 40M. Did he call over the stone walls of his prison to her? (6)
- 44U.M. The Prophet on his white mount may rule many (5)
- 47M. The kind of seed the gay young blood will sow (4)
- 48M. We heard religious music, not 'Venite exultemus' (3)
- 50M. A grim silence follows the reading of the bestiary (4)
52. This tree may be found in Salang (3)
- 53U.M. '... who runs may read'—is that Keats? (3)

Solution of No. 1,356



NOTES

The diagram was meant to suggest a telephone dial. The quotation is an example of oxymoron (*ABC of English Usage*: Treble and Vallius). 8. Tennyson ('Idylls of the King'). 17. Keats ('Endymion').

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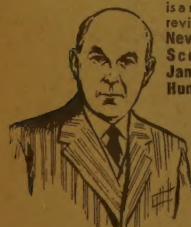
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